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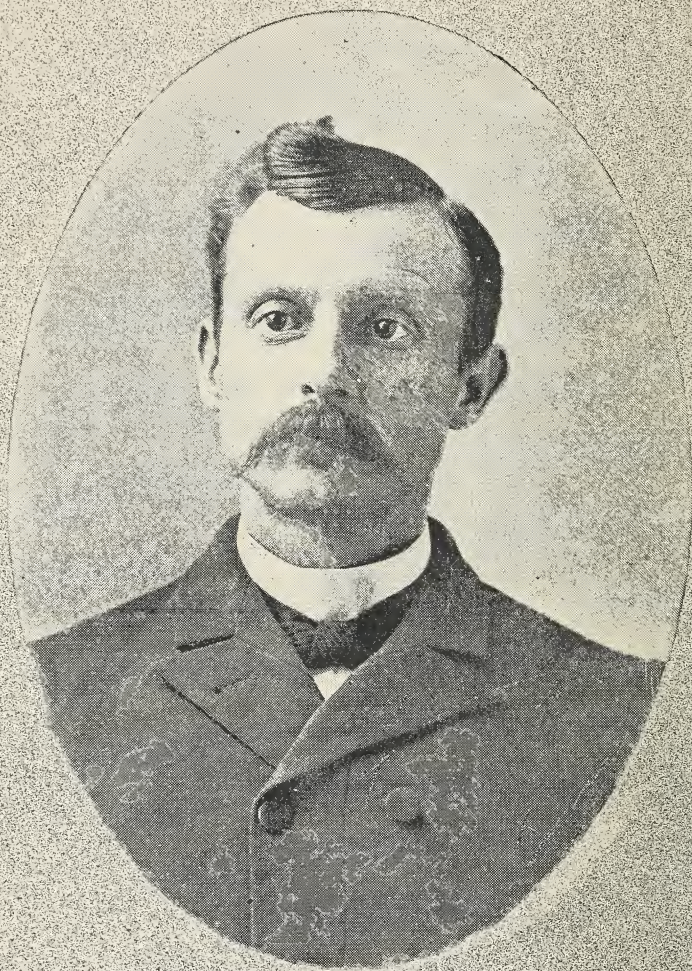












David, T. Black.



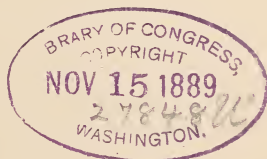
# REVIVAL SERMONS

BY

DAVID T. BLACK,

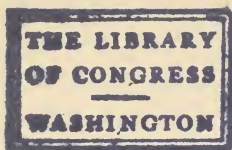
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JULY 22D, 1889.



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## DEDICATION.

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This volume is affectionately dedicated to my  
wife and children, and to my co-  
laborers in Christ.

D. T. BLACK.

July 22d, 1889.

## SPECIAL REQUEST.

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The author requests that every one who shall read this little book, will, on Christmas night of each year, read Sermon, No. 8, subject: "God's love for a dying world."

My object is, if possible, in a very few years, to have ten thousand copies of this little book scattered abroad in the homes of this land.

Then think of the inspiration it will give the author to remember on Christmas night of the thousands who are sitting at their homes reading the wonderful story of God's love.

If you have not the time to read the sermon, take up the little book and read the text and remember God's love.



## INTRODUCTION.

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All the world loves a lover. Not that his story is new, but it is authentic. Love's tale is old enough, yet in every twilight it is told with blushes mantling the brow as in the purple dusk of Eden. This young author reminds in this book the unreckoned gold of old truths; and flings it far and wide like a herald showering on sinners the largess of his King.

He takes note of the relative value of truth's cries, guineas, not groats, pleads vehemently with eloquence, not affronted or dismayed. His piety is fervent; his motive, lofty; his sympathy, magnetic. He hammers out his homilies at white heat, to the swinging rhythm of Methodist hymns, tears falling on the anvil trembling beneath his stroke. Loving his work he is worthy of his wage. These words, in articulate speech, have moved hundreds into the sunshine of God's smile. May the printed page move thousands more.

ROBERT MCINTYRE.





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## PREFACE.

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*Be Sure to Read the Preface.*

I have been requested by many of my friends to publish a series of my revival sermons. I have been very reluctant to undertake the work, knowing well that I am not a writer. I am but a young man, and feel utterly unable to place a book before the public, but after due consideration and prayerful thought, I have concluded to put a few of my revival sermons in print, hoping they may strengthen the faith of Christ's followers, and help others to find the way of life. God has seen proper to bless my weak efforts in revival work. Many precious souls have found the Savior during my brief ministry. The sermons appear in print just as they were delivered by the writer, who speaks extemporaneously and very rapid, hence you will doubtless notice many imperfections, but I am willing such to remain, rather than rob the sermons of their life and fire.

I have also placed in this little volume a description of the Mt. Vernon, (Ill.) cyclone, having walked over the scene of destruction soon after the storm, I returned to my charge and gave a description of this sad disaster, that momentarily hurried almost a half hundred souls into eternity. This lecture is reported *verbatim* as delivered by the speaker, who spoke without line or note. I believe there is something in this lecture to cause the reader to pause and reflect.

Hoping this little book may prove a blessing to those who read it, I am, yours for Christ,

THE AUTHOR.

## SERMON I.

---

TEXT.—For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell.—Col. i, 19.

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**N**OTHING in this world will move unless it has a moving power. I have sometimes stepped on board the train; it stood perfectly still. I have waited impatiently for a time for the train to move, but on looking from the window I noticed the moving power had been detached. A moment later the locomotive came pushing her way back to the car, the steam was applied and we were soon bounding across the prairie at the rate of 45 miles an hour. All we needed was the moving power! Sometimes the church is found standing still. It can't move without a moving power. That power must be found in Christ. "For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell."

When I endeavor to preach on the fullness



of Christ, I feel so much of that fullness of the dear, blessed Savior in my own poor heart I can scarcely keep from praising God aloud for this blessed fullness in Christ Jesus.

*First.* Permit me to say that there is a fullness of light in Christ for every soul who will claim it. More than eighteen hundred years ago as Jesus walked among men He declared Himself to be the light of the world.

When a man is lost in darkness how glad he is to see a light. A young man who was lost in a strange land wandered for hours in the darkness of night. The snow was falling thick and fast; to wander seemed fatal, to remain meant death. But in the midst of that darkness some thoughtful one placed a light in the upper window. The moment his eyes caught the glimpse of that light he fell upon his knees and thanked God. So Jesus looked down from above and saw a whole world wandering in darkness—darkness that no tongue can describe. There was one broad, thick cloud overshadowing the world, and all the combined efforts of man could not cause one ray of light to penetrate the darkness of that cloud. None save God's only son could

give light to a darkened world, and with a heart that bled for suffering humanity He walked out before the human family and said: "I am the light of the world." Every cloud passed away, the heavens grew bright, a dark world was made light, and it seems to me to-day if the whole world could be influenced to take one look at Jesus the whole human family would fall on bended knees and offer a prayer of praise and thanks to the blessed Lamb of God: "For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell."

Again I notice in Christ a great fullness of power. The words of the Apostle Paul have long ago proved true: The Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. And I think I am safe in making the assertion that there is not a civilized country under heaven but can bring forth witnesses to prove the Gospel entirely sufficient for their case. Think of the millions of professed Christians in the world to-day; think of the millions who have gone on to meet their reward; think of the different classes they represent—profane men, men who have been guilty of Sabbath desecration,

drunkards, gamblers, men who were at one time in life away down in degradation and sin. Some of them really wondered if the Gospel was sufficient for their case, but they stand up to-day by hundreds and thousands and voluntarily declare that they believed and Jesus saved. It matters not whether it be a Saul of Tarsus or a dying thief, Jesus is amply able for all cases. He holds the Gospel in His hands, wherein lies omnipotent power, and there is not a sinner on the face of God's earth but may have salvation before the dawn of another morning if he will claim the promise. "For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell."

Men often tell us about the power that science has given the world in controlling and utilizing its forces; how water is reduced to steam and made to turn the iron wheels of machinery, moving trains on the land and vessels on the sea, but after all it takes more power to move a human heart to God than it does to move the mightiest ship across the deep. And yet Jesus holds within His own divine person a Gospel amply able to save, to the uttermost, every son and daughter who

walks among men, and will do it if they will meet the requirements of God. The Apostle felt confident that Christ was able to keep that which he had committed unto Him. Jesus said: "All power is given Me, both in heaven and in earth; power to lift up humanity, power to save, power to keep." Paul believed all this, so he committed his interest to Christ, and then emphatically declared himself to be perfectly confident that Jesus was able to keep all he had committed unto Him. Sometimes we deposit a small sum of money in the bank for safe keeping, yet how often we feel uneasy about it; we read of the failure of other banks and wonder if the one in which we trust may not also fail, but, thank God, no soul need lose any sleep concerning Christ's ability to safely keep all we commit to Him. The fathers and mothers who have stood up for Christ, lo, these many years, look up to-day into the Savior's face with as much confidence as the Apostle of old, and say, we, too, are confident that He is able to keep all we have committed unto Him. They believe in the fulness of Christ's power, and trust Him for the blessings of this life and the rewards of the world to come.

Some time ago, in the city of Mt. Vernon, Ill., I was conducting a revival meeting; night after night the altar was crowded with earnest seekers. Among the number there was a noted gambler; he prayed, wept and asked God to help him. For four nights he continued to plead for help. I felt by this time that something must be done, or the poor man might become discouraged and give up, so I knelt by his side and said, my friend, there is something in the way; let us see if we cannot settle this matter at once. Do you feel that you have done your part? Have you made a complete surrender to God? "Well," said the poor fellow, as the tears fell from his cheeks, "I feel that I must give up gambling, and it is the only way I have to support my family; for twenty years I have been gambling, in fact I know but little else, what must I do?" I said, my friend, listen to me. Some years ago a one-legged man came to a faith-cure doctor, and said: "I want you to restore my lost limb." "Well," said the doctor, "I am able to meet the emergency, but you must weigh the matter carefully. If I succeed in performing a cure



you will, of course, have two legs as you once had; then, at the resurrection, God will give you the limb you lost, and you will have three all through eternity. Now, hadn't you better make a little sacrifice and do with one leg a few years longer than to have three to bother with all through eternity?" He saw the point and said: "I will make the sacrifice for the sake of the best possible enjoyment hereafter." Now, my friend, you can make your own choice—gamble a few years longer, then be banished forever from all that is pure and good, from Christ and heaven, or make the sacrifice—give up your gambling, repent of your sins, give God your heart, and have a home forever with the precious ones in glory. What do you say? He waited for a moment, then looked toward heaven; his countenance changed, and he exclaimed in a loud voice, "I will *never*, NEVER, gamble again, the longest day I live!" And that moment arose to his feet and shouted: "Glory to God, I am saved!" "For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell."

Then I notice in Christ a fullness of intercession, for, says the Word: "He ever liveth to

make intercession for us.” And, my brother, are you aware of the fact that there is but one mediator between God and man—the man, Christ Jesus, and, through His far-reaching, all-embracing merits, men have been saved from the earliest ages to the present times? Unconverted man, Jesus still lives and intercedes for you to-day, and I am here to say, by the authority of God, to every unsaved soul in this house, that Jesus is ready this very night, this very hour, yea, this very moment, to intercede in your behalf; and when I see a sinner humble himself before God and come trembling to the altar of prayer, with all self-righteousness laid aside, saying, away down in his heart: Thou, blessed Lamb of God, I have sinned against Thee; have mercy on me for the sake of Thine own dear son—then I say that Jesus will intercede; He will speak to the Father concerning your case, and say: Father, there is a poor sinner that I died to save, pleading for help. Then methinks I see the Father reach down and apply the blood of His own dear son to that troubled heart, and he becomes alive to God. When God cries out, he may live! Jesus says, he may live!

Every attribute of God cries out, in mighty tones, he shall live! Every angel in glory declares, he may live! While Jesus, the Lamb of Light, exclaims, saved through the blood of Christ! "For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell."

A young man seeking for a certain position said: "I feel sure that success is before me, because I have such a good man interceding in my behalf, one whose influence is always on the side of right, and whose reputation is widely known." So, brethren, I am not uneasy about my success in the future, if I am only faithful to God, for I have one who is more than man interceding for me. He who opened the eyes of the blind, caused the deaf to hear, the dead to leap into life again, fed the five thousand on the loaves and fishes; He whose sufferings darkened the sun, rent the vail, split asunder the hills of stone; He who declared to His faithful ones that He would never leave nor forsake them, He it is that intercedes for us to-day. Glory to His name! I am so glad we have such an one for our intercessor. Do you have any doubts concerning the broad influence and moral rep-

utation of Jesus? Certainly not. Travel the world over, and, wherever men are civilized, they will tell you about Jesus. Visit North and South America, Asia and Africa, China and Japan; journey east and west, north and south, on land and by sea, and you will hear the millions say, we, too, have heard of Jesus. Yes, glory to His name, the world has heard of Jesus, and not one nation under the sun can bring forth a man who can show any ground whatever for casting reflections on the character of Jesus Christ. Brethren, I rejoice to-day to know that we have such an one to intercede for us. Your best friend may fail to secure for you the place you desire, but Jesus makes no failures. In all His teachings that have been reported to us not one failure appears, and as long as the world shall stand Jesus will be found at the right hand of the Father interceding for poor fallen man, with full power to save, to the uttermost, all who come unto God by Him. "For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell." Then, again, permit me to say that in Christ there is a fullness of grace. The Word of God declares that there is grace to be



found in Christ to comfort and save all who will come, while our Savior Himself said, when He walked among men: "My grace is sufficient for thee," while in the Gospel by John we read of Jesus, the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. Then he adds, the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. Then we read in the Acts of the Apostles, that Peter, upon one occasion, while preaching in Jerusalem on the subject of eternal life, said: "We believe that through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved." And says he who was once a persecutor of the Church: "The grace of our Lord Jesus is exceeding abundant." Notice, my friend, a fulness of grace coming from one in whom all fulness dwells. Nothing narrow or scanty about Christ's dealings with men. He gives grace to the believer in abundance; He keeps on giving until the believer can say, as did Paul, where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound. So, brother, while it is true that sin did abound, it is also true that grace may much more abound.

A writer once said: "The sole cause of

so many failures of our business men is due to the fact that too many begin with small capital, and in a little while they run out;” and I have sometimes thought (if you will pardon me for the assertion) that some of the Lord’s children start out with too small capital; they fail to add to their stock, and the result is *failure*.

My brother, God has all the grace you need. He can supply you with capital sufficient to make you a devoted happy Christian, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself running around town claiming to be a disciple of Jesus and have not got grace enough to keep you from talking about your neighbors. You can’t expect to carry on very extensive business for the Lord on a thimbleful of capital. What would you think of a man in this town if some wealthy man should say to him, if you desire to go into business I will furnish you all the capital you need free of charge; just say how many thousand you want! I have thousands to spare, and you are welcome to all you need! Well, says the young man, I think about fifteen cents will do me. Don’t you think he would make things go? Well,

the good Lord has been helping men for years to get a start in the world, so they may prosper in this life, so as to be able after awhile to reap their share of Heaven's wealth. He offers men all the capital they need to insure success, and it is wonderful what a small amount some men ask for; and what is the result? *Failure*, FAILURE, FAILURE, on every hand.

Brethren, there is not an institution in the world to-day that stands so much in need of capital as the Church of Jesus Christ. The grace of God is the capital on which the success of the Church depends. Jesus offers oceans of grace. Salvation's stream flows like a mighty river from Calvary, and yet thousands, no doubt, have scarcely enough to know they have any at all, and the devil is always following very close after such persons, and is liable to get them at any time. May God help us to go to the great fountain of divine truth, trust Christ for a salvation that is full and complete, through which we may have a right to the tree of life, and be permitted at last to rise up and walk and live with Christ, who is able to gather all nations

unto Himself. "For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell."

But last of all permit me to say there is a fulness of consolation to be found in Christ by those who believe on His name, that cannot be found anywhere else. We know enough about human nature to know that man is weak and frail, that his life consists of but a few days, and they are full of sorrow. Oh! how dark to the unbeliever just ready to step from time into eternity and nothing to step on; no hope, no joy; no light, no consolation! It was said of David Hume that when the shades of death were drawing their dark curtains close around him, a friend whispered and said: "How about the future?" to which he exclaimed: "It's all dark." So it is with those who obey not the Gospel truth. But come, if you will, and go with me to yonder prison; a dark, lonely prison it is. Do you see that gray-haired man? He has a care-worn look; he has been in many a conflict; has suffered at home and abroad; five different times he has received the forty stripes, save one. He is now bound in chains, far away from friends, away

from home and native land; there is no one there to cheer his heart; but listen, please, while I speak to him about the future. Paul, how do you feel about the hereafter? Why, I have no concern, whatever. As far as I am concerned, I would as leave go as remain, "for to me to live is Christ, to die is gain; for I know that if the earthly house of our Tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God; a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Brethren, there is consolation there that all the world cannot give, and it originates in Christ. "For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell."

You may go to that poverty-stricken family, who are often overlooked by the world, and they are made to rejoice as you tell them of Jesus, the Savior of Light. Go to that afflicted mother who is soon to cross the swellings of the Jordan, and say unto her, I have a little while that I may speak to you, during which time I will talk to you about some of the leading men of our nation, such men as George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, or some of the great warriors who lived long



years ago, like Cyrus, Napoleon, or I can speak to you of some of the great preachers of the past or present ; but that mother will look you in the face and say, there is no consolation in this for me; please, sir, tell me about Jesus. And as you tell her of Christ and His love for humanity, how He labored, toiled and prayed for the world's salvation, and of the blessed promises He has left for us all, her heart leaps for joy, and exclaims: Oh! I have such sweet peace in Jesus!

The end with me is near at hand,  
But all is clear and bright;  
I shall soon go home to wear the crown,  
And walk in the land of light.

Now let me say, in conclusion, that there is a fulness in Christ for every soul in this house to-night, and unless a certain portion of that fulness be conveyed to your heart, you will die without hope. There is no use of a man wasting time trying to get to heaven independent of Christ's help. There are not enough men on the face of the earth to succeed in getting one single man inside the gates of heaven, otherwise than by the power of Christ. God has seen proper to provide

this way, and all the world cannot change the divine plan, unconverted man, if you desire the salvation of your own soul ! Profane man, if you expect a home in the haven of eternal rest, come to Jesus !

May God help you all to see that death and the judgment are before you. Are you prepared for the future ? If not, won't you come to Jesus to-night ? Come while God is calling ; come while the Holy Ghost is pleading ; come while Jesus stands with outstretched arms, and declares unto you that He is amply able to save all who will come. "For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell."

While we join in singing "Come to Jesus," etc., let the altar be filled.

## SERMON II.

---

TEXT.—“And the Lord said unto Moses, make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole; and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live.”—Num. 21-8.

---

**T**HE Israelites, during their long journey, were many times made to wonder at the mysterious ways in which God manifests himself to man. They had a similar experience to that of many to-day. They were sometimes away up on the mountain top, enjoying the sunlight of the presence of God, and I imagine that they felt at times like singing songs like we sing to-day :

“I am drinking at the fountain,  
Where I ever would abide;  
For I’ve tasted life’s pure river,  
And my soul is satisfied.  
There’s no thirsting for life’s pleasures,  
Nor adorning, rich and gay;  
For I’ve found a richer treasure,  
One that fadeth not away.”

But after the lapse of a very brief time, says the Word, they spoke against God and

against Moses; and they said, wherefore have you brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness. Well, that is quite a different experience indeed; but following this, I notice another marked change; they turn right around and confess unto Moses that they have done wrong, and urge him to pray for them. It seems that the Israelites were inclined to trust God more fully when He would perform a miracle in their sight; in fact, there always has been, and is to-day, a disposition to trust God just in proportion as men witness the manifestation of His power. In a single day, after the Israelites had been found praising God, and saying He is our God, we will serve Him; they are crying out to Moses, surely God has brought us up out of the wilderness to die. How similar is this to the experience of men to-day—they start out to live religious—there is not a cloud to hide the presence of the Savior's face. How easy it is to trust God just at such times, but wait until sickness comes to the home, a little bad luck of some kind, a failure of crops, loss of money, then how often these once happy Christians fall back with the Israelites, and wonder why

God would thus torment them. In the case before us, God purposes to perform a wonderful miracle, such as ought to convince every one that God is a wonder-working God. Moses, their leader, becomes discouraged at their lack of faith. He goes to God in prayer, and cries unto the Lord, saying, what shall I do unto this people? Then God sent the serpents which caused the Israelites to cry for help, and it was just like God to help them. After men murmur, complain and find fault with God, then turn and go to God, they always find Him on the giving hand. Some of you can remember, brethren, when you came far short of your duty, allowed sin to enter your heart, and to some extent lost the joy of the salvation, you retraced your steps, accepted the way of life, you were once more made happy in a Savior's love; so, in the case before us, the people cry for help. The next thing, God is planning a way for their escape. "He said unto Moses, make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole; and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live."



Then the heralds ran through the encampment of two millions of souls, proclaiming to the suffering thousands that not one of them need die. God has prepared a remedy. Look yonder ! Do you see that brazen serpent on the pole ? Come here and get a good look, and remember, the moment you look you are a saved man. Hundreds upon hundreds gathered around the serpent, and as they looked they were healed. But the saddest thought to me is, that perhaps there were hundreds who would not look. I see a father pleading with his boy, for God's sake look to the serpent ! His hands are turning black, his feet are swollen, his face bears the marks of poison, but he will not look. I see another with straining eyes pleading with her daughter to look to the serpent, but the daughter replies, I have no faith in a cure. Then I see multitudes gather around the bitten ones, and say we were bitten as bad as you were, and don't you see we have been cured ? We looked, and God's word proved true. Then I hear the father cry out more earnestly, oh ! my son, do look to the serpent ! But the answer comes, I will risk my case

with the rest, and one by one they sink down and die.

Permit me to say, in the first place, that the serpent had a very important meaning concealed in it. It was a type, or at least a sign, of the salvation which a sinner obtains by looking to Jesus, the Savior of sinners. The soul is bitten by the serpent of sin, and if not cured, must perish forever; hence, Jesus takes up the same thought which is recorded in the Gospel by John, as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness. Even so must the son of man be lifted up, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

The command, three thousand years ago, was for the human family to look up; it is just the same to-day. Jesus is calling men to look heavenward for salvation, even as Moses stood before two millions of suffering, perishing souls, and declared that life should be given for a look. So Jesus, centuries later, stood before a world of suffering, perishing human beings and said, "look to me and live," for in me ye find eternal life. As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so

must the son of man be lifted up," that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." I notice in the next place while some were bitten more severely than others, they all had to look; and those who regarded their affliction the least serious, were perhaps numbered among the lost. I can see in my imagination a young man bitten on the tip end of his finger. His friends advise him to look to the serpent, but he laughs at the idea of looking to the brazen serpent for a bite no more serious than his seems to be. He says, I have suffered affliction far greater than this, and never ceased my labors. I am no child, I am a young man of back bone; I have grit—if I never die until my death is caused by a bite like this, we will have placed on record after a while the name of one man who lived longer than Methusalem. But he wakes up the next morning poisoned from head to foot, and dies in great agony, and I think I am safe in saying that his case may well represent the condition of hundreds of others, who like him were rejecting the remedy. And I have sometimes thought it might be possible that in some

communities to-day we have a society of young people who are well behaved, moral and intelligent; they attend the preaching of the Word—are usually found in the Sunday School, and they wonder why we prevail on them to do any thing more. If there are those here to-day who may be numbered with this class, I want to tell you that you, too, must look to Jesus. Nothing under heaven will answer as a substitute. You may look to the church or to your friends, but all in vain—you must look to Jesus! I do not deny for one moment that you are moral, well behaved and apparently in good health, yet every one of you has been bitten by the serpent, sin, and while you may think the disease not serious, it means death, sooner or later. I well remember a certain woman, who one day noticed a little inflamed spot on the back of her hand. She felt but little pain and could see no reason to be uneasy, concerning an affliction no more serious than hers seemed to be, and it was not until after months had passed by that the doctor informed her that it was a cancer, and meant death. She could scarcely believe the statement of her own

family physician, but day by day the cancer kept doing its fatal work. The doctor advised the amputation of her arm. The operation was performed, but alas! too late! the whole system was diseased, and she died a few months later in great agony. That may well represent the fatality of sin, although you may not be aware of the fact, but if not cured, it means death to you.

Our Savior has seen proper to inform us in His Word something concerning the disease of leprosy, it is set forth as a type of sin. No human skill can effect a cure. If you could go to Jerusalem to-day and go back to a certain street, you would find scores of people yet tormented by this dreadful disease. You could see mothers with fingers all eaten off, and even their nose and ears and parts of their face gone, yet they were holding in their arms bright-eyed babes. You could see no mark of disease on those children, but remember, the disease was there, and at the age of eight or ten will begin its fatal work on those little ones so white and fair. The disease is born in them, and, sooner or later, will most assuredly do its fatal work, so with sin, it is in

the heart. We are born in sin—it becomes as it were a part of our very nature, and if you should live to be a hundred years of age, you will be a sinner, unless you look to Jesus. So let me say to you young people to-day, that it matters not how slight the disease of sin may seem in your case, it means death, sooner or later, unless you look to Jesus. You remember on one occasion while Jesus was in eastern Judea, that some of those who had been present when Pilate mingled the blood of the Galileans on the altar. When Jesus turned and said: “suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all other Galileans? I tell you, nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.” Then referring to the eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, He said: “Think ye that they were sinners above all men? I tell you, nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.” And to make it plainer still, He exclaims upon another occasion. “This is the condemnation that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.” Then the way for a man to decide whether he is under condemnation



or not, is to decide whether he has accepted Christ as his Savior; that is the testing point. I don't care how moral you are, how intelligent you may be, you may be so full of rhetoric, that it is frothing out of your ears and mouth. You may be able to solve problems that others cannot, but that is not the question. I want to know if you have accepted Christ as your Savior. If not, allow me to hold God's Word up before you, and press His truths upon your heart, and tell you by the authority of God that you must look to Jesus. A man under water one foot will drown just as quick as the man that is buried ten feet deep. It is not a question when a man is drowning how deep is he under the water, but is he drowning? So I am not asking you to-day if you are buried deep in degradation and sin, but have you accepted the way of life? If not, you are under the dark cloud of condemnation! For, says the Word: "This is the condemnation that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light."

I notice in the next place that no man had any right to employ a substitute. God ex-

pected every man to look for himself. There were doubtless fathers and mothers among the Israelites who would willingly have looked for their children, but all in vain. The remedy was only provided for those who would look for themselves, and I have no doubt in my mind to-day but there are fathers and mothers who would gladly look to Jesus for their children. Yes, they would walk out in the darkness of night and kneel in the snow, and look to Jesus all the long night, if such would answer for their children ; but this will not suffice. God holds every man responsible to look to Jesus for his own salvation. I have sometimes thought there might be a little danger along this line with some of the young people whose parents are religious. They know that their parents are anxious for them. They are often made subjects of prayer by anxious ones in the community, and they sometimes think there are so many anxious about us, and praying for us, that we will certainly be saved ; but let me say just here, that the men who depend on others to do their work will most likely find it undone ; and the man to-day who trusts his soul's salvation to

the care of others, will most assuredly find out to his sorrow, in the great day of accounts, that his soul's salvation has been overlooked. I have heard of cases where a man has been drafted to go to the war, when some one would volunteer to go in his stead. And you remember a certain king who made a law, the violation of which meant the loss of both eyes, but, to his sorrow, his own son was first to violate the law of the king. Not willing that his law should be valueless, and not having the heart to endure its execution on his own son, he compromised by sacrificing one of his own eyes and one of his son's. But when it comes to this great question concerning your soul's salvation, none can pay the price for you. The father cannot say to the son, I will go in your stead; or, I will bear a part of your suffering in the hereafter. No one save you and God can settle this matter concerning the hereafter. Jesus has done the suffering. He has paid the penalty of a broken law, and all the demand he makes of you is to look to Jesus. And you will look or die without one glimmering ray of hope beyond the tomb. I urge you every one to-

day to go and deal personally with Christ about your own soul's salvation. Go as a poor sinner, take your place at the foot of the cross, strip yourself of all your self-righteousness, receive Him as your own personal Savior, and let the precious blood of the Son of God be applied to your soul, without which no man can see God. Don't depend upon any man under heaven to settle this matter for you, but look to Jesus for yourself.

Then again I have thought that many of the suffering Israelites made excuses and said, "What's the use? I cannot have the faith to look. There is certainly no effacy in that serpent; why don't Moses come with some medicines recommended by the physicians to counteract the poison?" Aye, my friend, the effacy was not in the serpent but in obeying God, and are you aware of the fact that some of the greatest miracles have been wrought, the most wonderful events taken place through simple obedience to God. It was a matter of small note for Moses to stretch his hand over the sea, but the power of God was in that simple act of obedience, and the sea rolled up like mountain walls as never before. It was

a small matter for Moses to smite the rock, but it was God who said to Moses, "Smite the the rock!" And the water came bursting forth from that sunburnt rock in the mountain side, and more than a million perishing souls were made to live. Most any one could have taken Joshua's place and marched around Jericho, but God had said by that simple act the city must fall. That was a very simple prayer of Elijah, but by the time God gets through answering that prayer the heavens are opened, fire descends, the altar is consumed, and off goes Elijah sweeping home to glory. Now, notice, Moses might have said: What good will it do to smite the rock, Joshua to go around the city, Elijah to offer that prayer, so it may be to-day as your minister stands before you and urges upon you with all the power possible to look to Jesus and be saved. Some of you are saying, I don't see how that can make any difference, but I want you to remember that Moses couldn't see either what good it would do to smite the rock, until he tried it. Joshua could not see the result of marching around Jericho, until after the marching took place. Elijah

couldn't see the result of his prayer, until after the prayer had been offered. The first thing is to obey God, the second thing look for the result. It was those who looked up at the serpent who could speak most positive of the effect. The best way to get the effect of morphine is to take the morphine ; the best way to ascertain the taste of an orange is to taste the orange. My friends, never condemn a remedy until you try it. Jesus offers a remedy for every diseased heart. Don't go off and condemn the remedy but *try it!* TRY IT! TRY IT! If I hold in my hand a small lump of sugar, and call upon this congregation to tell me what I hold in my hand, every man in the congregation, save one, says it is salt, and the remaining one comes forward, takes the lump from my hand and tastes of it, and the moment he gets the taste, he says, I know its sugar. Who will you believe? The man who made the proper test, of course. Now, sir, I am speaking to-day of something that I know something about. I have tried the remedy. I have tasted of the way of life, and I know when I looked to Jesus he saved me. I speak the sentiments of thousands of



others who have, in like manner, tasted the remedy. Will you believe us? Or take the testimony of that man who never for one moment met the requirements of God. I tell you, it is true, every one who looks may live!

Again, I notice the sinner is often heard to say: "I would like to become a Christian, but somehow I can't get to the point where I can trust Jesus." Yes, that is what you say, but isn't exactly what you mean. I spent four years of my life in a grocery store. We were instructed by the proprietor when a customer entered the door, if we were at liberty, to meet him at once, and inquire what we could do for him. Occasionally a man would push his way on past me, as much as to say: "You are not the man I want to wait on me." At first I felt somewhat humiliated to think he held others in preference. But in a few months, by proper observation, I understood more about the nature of such cases. These men wanted to see the proprietor, and they would often watch for a whole hour for the most favorable opportunity to confer with him, and then would give him a wink, and beckon him to one side. Brethren, do you

know what that means? Yes, I see one man laugh. He knows. He has been in business himself. Well, I will tell you what it means. That man means by that motion and wink that he wanted to pay for a few dollars' worth of groceries some time in the future, but would like to take the goods that same day; and time and again I have heard the proprietor say: "I can't trust you." Now, that is what he said, but it is not exactly what he meant. That was only a soft way of putting it. He really meant, "I don't want to trust you." In other words, "I am not going to do it." You see, he could have trusted him; he knew how he had the goods in the house; he knew how to tie them up and charge the same on the books, but he didn't feel disposed to trust him. So we have a good many men in this world that are very anxious to become religious, so they say, but they must have some excuse, so they say: "We can't trust Jesus." Why don't you act the man and say: "We are not going to do it!" What you need is the will-power. There is not a man in this house to-day but can trust Jesus, if he will. I lay my watch on

this table and say to a young man : “Tell me whether that watch is gold or silver from its appearance.” The young man stands and looks straight up, and says : “I can’t see.” I point down to the table, and he closes his eyes and says : “I can’t see.” Of course he can’t, because he is not willing to look. So it is with men who cannot see how to trust Jesus. They look at the world; look at everything else in preference to Jesus. He has his eyes blinded with sin. He looks down when Jesus says look up; and then declares he can’t see how to trust Jesus. But there is a reason why he can’t. He is not willing to comply with the law of salvation, and because he will not, of course he cannot properly trust Jesus; that’s the point. If you will come and accept salvation on Bible terms you will find no serious trouble in the way of trusting. You want to do the trusting, and yet you are not willing to do the obeying. In other words, you want the effect of the remedy without trying the remedy; hence, we must sum up the whole matter by saying that God never commanded a man to trust Jesus, or look to His own dear Son. Who

is not able to obey if he will? God help you to look to Jesus.

But I notice, in conclusion, that it did come to pass that every one who looked was made to live. God's treatment may often seem strange to the world; but after all, when the patient goes according to directions, He never fails to effect a cure, and the great wonder to me is that there should have been one soul in all that great number of Israelites who could refuse to look. They had everything to encourage them to look. Their neighbors were looking, and being cured, their friends all around them; looked and were healed, and while the remedy may have seemed a strange one and hard to understand, nevertheless they could see that divine power was at work. If these same Israelites had been suffering for water and found a beautiful spring, with clear, cool water flowing down the mountain side, do you suppose they would have refused to drink, because they could not understand where the water came from, or how it was kept running all through the years? No; it would have been sufficient for them to know that the cool water was just what they

needed to satisfy thirst. They would have had no time to waste in trying to understand how God could keep that pure stream running year after year; and the great wonder is to me, when men in every community will speak of their once lost condition and tell how wonderfully Jesus saved them, that others will not turn and accept the remedy rather than seek for the philosophy of the cure. It's enough for us to know that God does cure, and that he cures every case; and, for my part, I am for the physician that cures every case, even though his mode of treatment be somewhat peculiar, and though he differs from all other physicians, it matters not; the question is: "Does he cure?" So let me say to the unsaved, had you power to converse with the saved of this world to-day, they would all tell you that they were saved by looking to Jesus. If you could stand face to face and converse with the angels in heaven as to what mode they adopted to reach their present condition, they would answer without a dissenting voice: "We looked to Jesus." And if there is a wandering boy here to-day, away from father and mother, may I ask you, though you are here

among strangers, to look to Jesus? If there is a poor orphan girl, left homeless and motherless, to battle her way through the years amidst the conflicts of life, and though you have no earthly home, remember that you may have a home that is fairer than day, if you will only look to Jesus. If you fail in everything else, don't fail to look to Jesus.

Some years ago a young man was to be put to death for crime committed. The day was fixed, the hour arrived. His father had been delayed in reaching the town until the hour of execution. They informed the old gentleman when he reached the depot that nothing more could be done. The ablest talent had interceded in behalf of his boy. Every possible effort had been put forth to save him, but he must pay the penalty of the law, and as the young man was then upon the scaffold, they plead for the old man, as he could do his son no good, just to remain where he was until after the execution, but all this time the old man kept pushing his way toward the jail, when he came in sight of his boy the black cap was drawn over his face, the rope was around his neck, another moment and he



must swing into eternity. The father cried in a loud voice, son, look to Jesus! Look to Jesus! That moment his boy was gone. Well, the old man knew that he could not save his boy from death. There was but one thing he could do, and that was to urge his boy to trust Christ for the hereafter; so I bring my sermon to a close to-day by urging you every one, for the sake of your own soul's salvation, for the sake of Jesus who died to save you, look up and live!

## SERMON III.

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TEXT.—Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.—Phil. ii, 5.

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**S**OMETHING over eighteen hundred years ago, a small boy might have been seen far over the mighty deep at Tarsus, working at the trade of a tent-maker. He was at that time a very ordinary looking boy. But the custom of the time was to educate the boys ; so the boy was sent to Jerusalem to be educated. He continued his course of study until he ranked among the leading scholars of the time. But he, like some other young men, became prejudiced against the Gospel of Christ ; so much so that he breathed out threatenings and slaughter against them. He goes up to the king and gets his consent to go to Damascus and bring the disciples bound to Jerusalem. He called up a company of soldiers and starts for Damascus, and permit me

to say, that that was a critical time for the little handful of Christians at Jerusalem, Damascus and other points. They were weak in numbers, all the kings and rulers and men of authority were standing firm against them. There was only one ruler who had promised to help them, and He was sitting upon His throne above. He had promised to be with them, even unto the end; and as He looks down on that young man leading that army of armed men, and seeing his ambition to accomplish whatever he undertook, He felt the best thing to do was to send the converting power, and turn his heart and mind and his influence for God. In a very short time a great light appeared unto them, far exceeding the brightness of the sun at noon-day. This man fell prostrate upon the ground; he cried unto the Lord: "O Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" A messenger was sent to lay his hands upon his head, and to tell him what a great work he must do for God, how much he must suffer for Christ. His eyes were opened for the first time to behold the brightness of the Father's glory.

He went up to Damascus and stood before

the same men he expected to take, bound to Jerusalem, and told them of Jesus; not only did he tell them of Jesus, but he preached that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and proved it with such demonstrative evidence that the Jews were unable to deny his doctrines. A few days before he was known as Saul, the persecutor, but now the great Apostle of Jesus Christ. And when he is beaten with many stripes, bound in chains and imprisoned, he sits down and writes to the church and says: "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." Then he seems to think the church may get discouraged on the account of His sufferings, so he exclaims: "I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things *which happened* unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel; so that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in all other *places*." That is, brethren, seeing how I can bear so much for Christ, they are much more bold to speak the word without fear. Then he pens down the words of the text: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

Hence, we notice, all genuine religion is connected with Christ. He revealed its doctrines, its principles, and enforced its spirit upon the world, and as the inspired writer was addressing the disciples of Christ, let me speak to the church for a little while to-day concerning the mind of Christ.

For spiritual knowledge, He knew that all things relative to his spiritual light was given him of the Father, hence He taught us when we pray to say: "Our Father which art in heaven." He prayed to the Father, so must we. The world kept constantly watching to detect imperfections in his life, and its no less the case to-day with all his followers, and its only by having this mind of Christ that we are able to succeed in this work.

I notice, in the first place, that a Christian is one who has the mind of Christ. Christ had a mind of pure fervent devotion. His whole earthly career was distinguished for this. He spent whole nights in prayer. Just the night before he preached that wonderful sermon on the Mount, He spent the night in close communion with the Father. In all His miracles and discourses He looked up to the Father

and prayed for his divine counsel. When He met that funeral procession coming through the center of Palestine, He bid them halt, and lifted His eyes to the Father.

When Mary fell at his feet weeping and said: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

When the multitude followed all day, and were tired and hungry, He bid them sit down, and with two small fishes and five loaves the multitude were fed, and many baskets were left. Thus everything He engaged in was relative to the relief of mankind. He went to the Father; and now the apostle says: "Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus."

Brethren, have we the mind of Christ this morning? Do we feel that all the great blessings, both temporal and spiritual, are given us of the Father through the Lord Jesus Christ? "Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus." I tell you the church will never rise to shine forth as a shining light unto the world until we become so devoted to God and his spiritual kingdom that the text may be exemplified: "Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus."



Its a glorious thing to see the world coming up to the cause of Christ, but a pitiful scene to see a church going back to the world. And whenever a church is established it is sure to elevate the world, or the world will lower the church. It is just as impossible for the church to stand still as it is for the sun to shine and give no light, or for the Mississippi to run up stream. A man starts up a ladder one step, he either goes up or down. The church must go up or down, advance or decline. If a church declines, it is not because God wills it so, but because there is not enough earnest devotion on our part. Jesus said unto his disciples: Ye are the light of the world." "Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men." The lesson is this: the salt has a saving element, but valueless without the saving quality, henceforth good for nothing. Now, what is the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ worth if it has lost its saving power. Its the saving power that makes it valuable. Rob the State of Illinois of all

religious influences, and I would not give you fifteen cents for the best farm in our State as a home for my family. You sometimes hear men persecute the church. They wish every church could be converted into a warehouse, *i. e.*, they claim they do. But why don't they gather up their goods and journey to foreign fields where church organizations are not known, where the story of the cross is not heard, where the name of Jesus has never been proclaimed. Yes, why don't they? Because they do not want to live there, that is the reason. You couldn't get one of these chronic grumblers to go if you would pay his way and buy him a home. I doubt very much if you could drive him off with bloodhounds. No, they are like the old colored woman, who said she had her stakes sot to go to heaven, and she is going to keep them sot. So with many of the fault-finders of to-day they have their stakes set to find fault with the church, and it really does seem that they are going to keep them set, and yet you will always find such men settling near a church.

Brethren, every thoughtful man knows the church is the life of a community. We look

to the church for everything that is good. If we want to spread Christian holiness, we expect the church to do the work. If we want to enforce the great cause of temperance, we look to the church. Is that man sick in the community who dislikes the church? Watch him, and see if he sends to the outside world for a man to pray for him. No, he looks to the church. Do we want the Sabbath observed? If so, we must look to the church. Do we want our boys warned against the card-table, dram-shops and other places of vice, we must look to the church. If we want to find an organization that has all the elements of reform, we have it in the church of Christ. No wonder our Savior said: "Ye are the light of the world." No wonder the apostle Paul, after looking forward and comprehending something of the nature and importance of Christian work, and seeing that everything relative to the success of the Gospel and the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom, centered in Christ and His followers, said: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." No other mind will answer. You might read after the greatest preachers whose

names appear on the pages of history, until you could enter into their spirit of work, become, as it were, infatuated with them, until it could be said you had a mind similar to theirs; but this will not suffice; it must be the mind of Christ in you; that is to say, your mind and Christ's mind are to be in perfect harmony, so much so that when you look to God the Father you can say, like Christ: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." This mind of Christ in a child of God enables him to feel that, although "it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

Thus the soul, yea, the whole being of a believer, is made to rise up through the clouds and mists of this life to view the sunshine of the world beyond, going on from battle to battle, conflict to conflict, victory to victory, glory to glory, until he no longer looks through a glass darkly, but stands face to face with the Savior of Light. Brethren, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

I notice again, that Jesus had a mind of constant activity. He was completely wrapped, as it were, in the work of the Father. Even at the age of twelve years he said: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" He was completely consecrated to the work for which He was sent. When He walked through the fields of living green, and met the shepherds who were herding their flocks, He said unto them: "I am the Good Shepherd; follow me." And as He viewed the fields already ripening for the harvest, He told the reapers that the spiritual harvest was already ripe, and urged them to pray to the Father to send laborers into the field. He walked over the roughest roads and the steepest hills, and endured the greatest sufferings and exposure, that He might bring us to God. All this he endured until the end came. So, brethren, we want so much of this mind of Christ that we will be found constantly engaged in the Master's work, enduring trials and afflictions, if need be, to carry on to completion the great work of God. I remember a few years ago, during a camp meeting, a blind man prayed that he might be able to do

more for Christ and His church. I said to myself: "If this poor blind man is still anxious to find something to do, how much more should we who are blessed with sight." Notwithstanding the fact that this poor man was sorely afflicted, and the world all dark, yet, bless God, he still had a mind of Christian activity. He found joy in serving the Lord. Oh, how the church to-day needs this constant energy and continued activity. There are so many who only endure for awhile, but the promise is to those who endure even unto the end. Nothing but the mind of Christ can qualify you for this continued work. The apostle well knew this, so he kept constantly filled with the mind and spirit of Jesus, that it did not matter what kind of a struggle he was called to pass through, he still kept on doing the Master's work, rejoicing every day. "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." That is to say, brethren, the apostle did not allow any obstacle whatever to keep him from pressing forward to the mark. He



proposed to forget them to that extent as not to allow them to interfere with the success of the Master's work. Allow me to remark, in the next place, that our Savior had a sympathetic mind. I doubt very much if He ever looked upon one soul without being anxious about his future welfare. He felt a great interest in the welfare of the human family. His words, His teaching, His suffering, His walk among men, all goes to prove His anxiety for perishing souls. Upon one occasion, as He looked out upon the vast multitudes before Him, He declared it was not the will of His Father that one of them should perish, and when He journeyed to Jerusalem and faced its teeming population, He seemed to bow His head in sorrow for a moment, then, in the tenderest words, He cried out: "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." Such was the mind of our Savior; so completely resigned to His Father's work that He was ready at all times and under all circum-

stances to manifest an interest in the salvation of those He came to save. Even during His extreme suffering in the garden, when the cup of sorrow became so great that it seemed for a moment more than he could endure, He prayed : if it were possible, let this cup pass from me ; but as He looked heavenward He seemed to see the Father shake His head, then He adds : “Not my will, but Thine be done.”

And during his extreme suffering on the cross, while undergoing torture that no tongue can describe, He still kept in the spirit of the Father, and prayed that even those who were rejoicing in His sufferings might be forgiven. And while the earth was wrapped in sorrow and the mantle of darkness hung above, He could still be heard saying : “Father, forgive them,” until at last he exclaimed : “It is finished.” Yes, His suffering was over, His work complete, the table of salvation spread before the world, and if I had the power to-day to make the nations of the earth hear me, I would take my place on some high mountain top and point to the suffering Savior,

and say unto them: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

May God give us so much of this mind that was in Christ that we will be able to see that whatever is God's interest is ours, and that whatever work Christ was willing to do for the future interests of man, we ought to be willing to do for the future interests of ourselves. We want a mind that will enable us to run with patience the race which is set before us, that we may at last gain an abundant entrance into that upper and better kingdom. But, last of all, let me say, we should have a submissive mind, *i. e.*, there ought to be a willingness on our part to submit all things to God, I like that word—submission. It is a word that ought to live in the heart of every disciple of Jesus; yea, more than that, of all who walk the earth. Do you understand what I mean? Let me illustrate my point. I read some time ago of a certain young man who was attending a revival meeting; he was much affected, and was under conviction. A minister made a very affecting appeal for sinners to come to Jesus. This young man

arose and started to leave the church. The minister hurried down the aisle and said: "Look here! Dont you know you are doing wrong? God is calling you this night to repent of your sins! I want to know now if you, right in the face of all this pleading and all these invitations, are going to persist in hardening your heart against God?" He hung his head for a moment, when the minister added: "Will you not go with me to the altar right now?" A few seconds passed and he said: "I will." He went forward and took a front seat, then after a moment he arose to his feet and said: "My friends, I have been impressed for quite a while that I ought to become a Christian, I have gone from the church more than once, rather than surrender, but I will never do it again. This moment I surrender to God." He fell upon his knees and cried: "Lord, I surrender!" The struggle was over in a moment. His eyes sparkled, his face grew bright. He was saved, and knew it. That is what I call submission. He submitted his case to God. And now, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I urge you, every one, to give yourselves unreservedly

to God. “Heaven and earth shall pass away ; but my words shall not pass away.” May the Lord help you to throw yourself full length on the word of God. Remember the text : “Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.”

## SERMON IV.

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TEXT.—“One thing I know, that, whereas, I was blind, now I see.”—John ix, 25.

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**WE** have in this chapter a statement concerning a blind man. I know of no affliction more to be dreaded than to be deprived of sight. I have seen the invalid in his movable chair going up one street and down another, unable to take a single step, but yet he can see the world and look with interest at the multitudes as they are passing by. I have met the deaf man; he could not hear one word that I said, but he could talk to me and I could write the answers to his questions. Very true, he was sorely afflicted, but could see as much of the world as myself. But think of a man born blind, never for one moment to be permitted to see the sunlight of a single day, never to have the pleasure of seeing the face of father or mother. He can form but



a faint idea of how the world looks. If I talk to you concerning the nations away from home and explain the appearance of the country, you can form some idea of that country by looking at our own country; but here is a poor man who never saw any country, consequently he has but a faint idea of how the world looks. Think of a man retiring at night, then waiting twenty, thirty, forty years for morning to come, but during all these years there is not one ray of light; he lives in the midst of darkness and blackness; but this case may be considered still worse, for this man was born blind. All he knew was darkness. You might point to the stars above and say: "Do you see the heavens, all studded with worlds of light?" Point to the sun that throws his ample rays of light across the pathway of the world's millions, and say: "Isn't that beautiful?" But this poor man exclaims: "It is all dark with me." Point to the moss-covered hills across the way, or the broad prairies carpeted with living green, and say: "Isn't this beautiful?" But the poor blind man shakes his head. It's all one mantle of darkness to him. You may point

to the moving train as it goes rushing on its way, and say : “Isn’t that beautiful?” but the blind man exclaims : “I hear the rumbling of the wheels, the shrill voice of the whistle, but I see no train.” He is blind ! His mother may be at the point of death ; she calls her family of grown-up children around the bed to bid them good-bye. Some of the family remark : “How bright mother looks. See what a ray of brightness seems to play across her face ;” but the poor blind man must stand there in utter darkness. Well he knows he can see no mother’s face in this world. Brethren, do you know of anything more to be dreaded than blindness ? Let my voice be hushed, my hearing fail, my limbs be deprived of strength, only let me see.

I notice in this case before us two positive statements : First, the man was blind, and he knew it. Second, he was made to see, and knew it ; and these two statements are not left with one man alone for vindication, but there are a number ready to testify to both statements. The same is true with all important cases in Scripture, where some great work has been done, and the evidence of it

placed on record. God has seen proper to bring forth more than one man to testify to the genuineness of the work. You remember when the world was so confused concerning the resurrection of Christ, the witnesses at last became so numerous that none can scripturally deny the event. So, in this case, this poor man's affliction manifested itself to those who lived in Jerusalem and surrounding country. He had lived for years in their midst, and when his eyes were opened they began at once to question him concerning the mysterious work. The neighbors and those who had met him before, and knew that he was blind, said: "Is not this he that sat and begged?" Some said: "This is he;" others said: "It is like him." Then the man, whose eyes were opened, said: "I am he." That is to say: "I am the very identical man who has lived all these years here among you in blindness." The reason why some of his neighbors seemed somewhat reluctant to be positive about him being the same man, may be due to the fact that they never before that day had seen him with his eyes open. It makes a marked change in the appearance of

a man when his eyes are closed and when they are opened. It's by the brightness of the eye that we get the expression, and while they had known this man for years, yet the brightness of his eyes was sufficient to perplex some. But I want you to remember that there were some who said in terms most positive: "This is he." Then they called the parents of him who had received his sight, and said: "Is this your son, who ye say was born blind, how then doth he now see?" His parents answered them and said: "We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind, but by what means he now seeth we know not, who hath opened his eyes we know not; he is of age, ask him; he shall speak for himself." \* \* \* "Then again called they the man that was blind, and said unto him: "Give God the praise." And their son answered: "One thing I know, that, whereas, I was blind, now I see."

Hence, we have the testimony of his neighbors, of his parents, and himself, that he was really blind, and actually made to see. I notice, also, that before this blind man received his sight he had a work to do himself;

in other words, he had to follow the direction as given by the physician. I have no doubt but the Savior could have opened his eyes while he was sitting in his easy-chair; but he thought proper to give some directions. Then see if the blind man had faith enough in him to carry out to a letter his directions, so he anointed the eyes of the blind man with clay, and then said: "Go wash in the pool of Siloam." Now, says the Word: "He went." But that is not all, he washed. He had no scriptural right to expect help until he had carried out fully the directions of the great physician. No matter who might scorn at the idea of a cure in that way. He has placed himself in the hands of one whom he has faith to believe will effect a cure; so he went, he washed, and what is the result? He came seeing. Just what we might expect. He proved to the world by meeting the requirements of the great physician that Jesus was amply able for his case.

This brings us to notice briefly the spiritual side of the question. I said this man was born blind, and knew it. I will now say that all men are born in sin, and they know it.

We need no proof to convince the world that man in his natural state before God is a sinner, both by nature and by practice. Every man to-day who is spiritually blind, feels the weight of that blindness equally as forcible as the man who was really born blind. There is an inward personal consciousness of the fact, and the sinner cannot free himself of such knowledge. That is why we succeed by preaching the Gospel in bringing men to Christ. It is not our work altogether to convince men that they are sinners. They know that. But rather in rousing men to action, in getting them to have sufficient faith in Christ to believe he is able and willing to save them from their sins. Men can see that the tendency of the whole human family is downward. They can see that their lives are not in keeping with the Word of God. They are not satisfied themselves. Hence, we want to preach to them the way of life, until they will feel the importance of crying unto Jesus: "O, that I might receive my sight!" The man who to-day is in spiritual darkness is just as ignorant of Gospel light and spiritual power as the man who was born blind, was ignorant



of the beauties of nature that were spread all around him. He could see nothing beautiful about the moss-covered hills or beautiful plains, or the stars of light. They were all around him and above him, but he could not see them, because he was blind. So it is with the man who is spiritually blind. I speak to him about the joys of salvation. How the Sun of Righteousness shines forth in a man's heart. You may try to show the sinner how God manifests Himself in all we see around us; how he is in the sunshine, in every drop of rain, every little flower, and blade of grass, how he lives in every Christian home, but the wicked man cannot realize that the hand of God is in all this, because his eyes have not yet been opened. Jesus may be passing by, and saying: "Look to me;" but the blind man knows it not. He can never see Jesus, until he receives spiritual sight.

I notice, in the next place, that the Jews were so worked up about this case, that three different times they called the man who had been cured to question him. They also questioned the neighbors and parents. Then they say unto the man: "How opened He

thine eyes?" He answered them: "I have told you already, and ye did not hear, wherefore would ye hear it again? Will ye also be His disciples?" Then they reviled him, and said: "'Thou art his disciple, but we are Moses' disciples.'"

Such is the nature of a sinful heart, that many times he who has been your friend will turn and forsake you, because you profess faith in Jesus. But, after all, brethren, that does not prove in the least that religion is a failure, because the fault-finders are those who are yet in their sins. The man whose eyes were opened had no fault to find. He was happy in telling to those around him what Jesus had done. The man to-day who is really and truly saved, has no fault to find with Jesus. It is the sinners who are finding fault. I have never found a saved man yet, who had a word of complaint to offer against Christ and his salvation. It just suits him; he wouldn't change it if he could. It seems to him like the Lord has prepared a remedy on purpose for him. He rejoices, not because he lives, but because Christ lives within the hope of Glory. Paul says it just suits him,

because it saves from condemnation. John says it is good enough for me, for it leads me to worship God in spirit and in truth. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the Sons of God." Peter is certainly well satisfied, for he declares: "We have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of His majesty." And you may travel the world over, and converse with those who profess saving faith in Jesus, and not one word of complaint will you hear about Christ and his plan of salvation. No! No! The faithful follower of Jesus has no fault to find. He has received his sight, and he goes about, singing:

"O, happy day that fixed my choice,  
On Thee, my Savior, and my God,  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad."

Its the blind who are finding fault. I fail to find a single place in the Word of God where these Jews had any occasion to doubt this poor man's word previous to his cure. I take it that he was an honest man, deprived

of sight, a beggar, to be sure, but the community had faith in his word until he declared a man called Jesus opened his eyes. Then they turned against him. Why? Because the work was a failure? No! No! but because they themselves were blind.

I notice again in this case the same as in spiritual healing, Jesus must perform the cure. The Scriptures say that since the world began, was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of the blind, and we learn from the teaching of the Word: "That there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." The unsaved man to-day must go to Jesus. All the doctors, preachers, lawyers, in the world cannot save one sinner. It is a work above the power of man. A man is born in sin, and no power, save divine power, can cleanse the sinful heart and fill the soul with light and joy. The Apostles all well understood this, hence, they never promise salvation only through Jesus. No matter what the world might think, they preached repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, as the only way of life and salvation. Hence

Peter, while preaching to the multitudes before him, exclaimed: "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted that your sins may be blotted out when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord."

Then you remember he declared that the power was not in them, but it was the power of God, glorified through the death and resurrection of His son, and through faith in His name, the lame are made to walk and the sinner made to see.

But in conclusion, brethren, I want to insist upon you every one being profited by this blind man's experience, or rather by the character of his testimony. They crowded around this poor fellow, and propounded many difficult questions to him, thinking, perhaps, they would get him bothered. They would accuse Jesus of being a deceiver, then they would turn to him who was blind. He had but the one testimony to give, and he stood by that until they cast him out: "One thing I know, that, whereas, I was blind, now I see." A writer once said: "God's Word reveals facts and not explanations, and these facts are to be received on their

own evidence.” This poor man could not tell where Christ went when He left him. He could give nothing of Christ’s life and ministry. He could tell little about how Christ opened his eyes. God did not demand that of him, but the important thing was the cure. He stood by that till the last. Here was evidence positive and clear. No ridicule, sport or argument could convince him who had been in darkness that he did not see. People stood before him; the hills and trees were all around him; earth’s beauties were all radiant about him; he stood with open eyes, looked at the world around him, and said: “One thing I know, that, whereas, I was blind, now I see.” So the humble follower of Christ, in answer to the questions that are so often propounded by those who believe not, may say: “I have but little knowledge of the nature of God; I know but little about the Holy Trinity; I know but little about the country in which our Savior lived; the incarnation of Jesus is a great mystery; I know but little of the world around me, but bless God, one thing I do know—when I was under condemnation, cursed by the burden of



sin and guilt, I heeded the words of warning, and God, for Christ's sake, pardoned my sins ; then I did see, and I knew it." Brethren, that is the kind of Christian testimony we need to-day to shake the world. No argument of the unbeliever can shake a testimony like that. If you are not able to unfold to the world the great plan of salvation by words of eloquence, you may be able to stand as a witness to one great fact—that, while you were once dead to God, you are now alive to Christ. No man needs to depend on his neighbor, or the opinion of any man on earth, concerning this matter. There is not a man in this church to-day but what knows the difference between day and night. You know whether you are walking in the darkness or in the light. You do not have to call in your neighbors to ascertain whether you are in joy or pain. So with spiritual light. It is the work of God, opening the sinner's eyes, and every time that God, for Christ's sake, opens a sinner's eyes, he sees and knows it, and the combined world cannot convince him that he is mistaken. He looks, he sees, and that is evidence enough. God don't demand of any

man to explain the theory, but He does expect of us that we will stick to the fact; that, whereas, we were blind, now we see; and that is the testimony of all saved men everywhere. Bring them in from all lands, representing all the nations of the earth; bring them from the islands of the seas; let them come from the East and the West, the North and the South; yes, from every civilized land; bring in the witnesses whose words are received without question in all the events of society, and listen for a moment, if you please, and hear them speak: "One who is called Jesus opened our eyes, and we see."

Three years ago a young Japanese stood up at an annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal church and said: "My friends, I have long felt the need of some help that could not be obtained by trusting in our idols. Something seemed to tell me I was not right. I was bothered—uneasy—what to do I did not know, but providentially for me a missionary came over and preached the way of life. He told us about Jesus, how He came all the way from heaven to save the lost, and that he would save all who would come. I

said: 'That means me.' I claimed the promise, and O! my brethren, how sweetly Jesus saved me, and here I am to-day, thousands of miles from home, to tell you of Jesus, how he saved a poor sinner like me.'"

"One thing I know, that, whereas, I was blind, now I see."

## SERMON V.

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TEXT.—“Jesus answered and said unto him: Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.”—John iii, 3.

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**D**URING the days of our Savior's earthly career there was a man named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, who seems to have been posted on almost everything except the one important thing; but Nicodemus was not alone in his day, for there were many others whose minds ran in the same channel, and if he was living to-day he would not be the only man wondering about God's peculiar law of salvation. He came to Jesus by night, and addressed him concerning the way of life. It is possible that he was under conviction, and that it became so deep and pungent that he felt a double anxiety to converse with the Savior on this all-important matter. I think it is a good thing, however, that Nicodemus went to

Christ, for there was not one minister out of ten who could have mustered courage enough to stand face to face to a man like Nicodemus. It is not a severe task to say unto a man, who is deep down in sin and vice: "You ought to be converted and be a better man!" He will acknowledge such to be the facts, but you walk up to a man like Nicodemus, an honorable counselor, a member of the Jewish Sanhedrim, a man of more than ordinary ability, a man of broad views, holding a high position, looked up to by all classes, as a man whose influence was good, and you know we have a timidity in saying to such men, you must be born again, because we have a great many who profess to have the experience of the new birth, and yet, from all outward appearances, will not correspond with a man like Nicodemus. But of course Jesus had the advantage of all other ministers. He was the world's great teacher. And this talented man already expressed himself as having faith in him before he asked the way of life. He said unto him: "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou doest,

except God be with him.” That opened up the way for our Savior to lay before him the doctrine of the new birth, and he exclaimed : “Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”

My friends, if these words are true, they embody one of the most solemn questions that can come before us. We can afford to be deceived about everything else better than we can the way to heaven. The Word shows beyond all contradiction that there is one step to be taken by us every one ; otherwise we shall miss heaven. They also show that it is possible for a man to take a great many steps, and then fail if he overlooks this one, for the words of the great teacher are : “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” There are many different ways of which you may make choice to some of the cities of our land. Some will travel over one road to go to Chicago, and some another. The same is true of all the great cities. But when it comes to taking a journey to that city that lieth four-square, we must all take the same road. Jesus Christ is the door, and the new



birth is the way, for, says the great teacher : “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” The doctrine of the new birth lays before the world the foundation for the world’s salvation. All our hopes for the future are to be built on this foundation. If you take from the house a good foundation, the building has lost its value ; at least partially so. But in a spiritual sense, entirely so ; for, it is evidently clear, without this foundation to build on, no man can see God. When Jesus was conversing with a certain young man, he said : “One thing thou lackest.” That seems a very small matter to some, but how important the one thing may be. A watch may be perfect in everything, except it is minus the hour hand. That is the one thing lacking. It does seem, indeed, a very little thing, but it renders the whole watch valueless to you. A man was once locked in jail, when one dollar would have saved the embarrassment. The one thing lacking was the one dollar. One stave taken from a barrel renders it valueless ; one rail taken from the railway track will wreck a train ; one inch taken from a telegraph wire will stop the great-

est dispatch ever penned. I was on board a train bound for Mattoon some time ago, when suddenly I heard the shrill whistle of the engine, the bell rang, the brakes were applied, the train slowed up and a second later was standing still. The conductor entered the car in which I was seated, laid hold of the collar of a man's coat, and led him to the platform of the car, gave him a push, rang the bell, and we were soon speeding across the prairie at the rate of 40 miles an hour. I felt at first almost indignant at the conductor, and at the first opportunity I said to him: "What made you do that?" He said the intruder had no ticket, and he had informed him before reaching the latter station that he would carry him no further. Now, the question arises, what was lacking? We answer, the ticket, a small bit of pasteboard, perhaps two inches in length, that seemed like a small thing, but it was sufficient to keep that man out of a city which he was trying to reach that day. So it is in spiritual things. The new birth when lacking may seem to many to be something of minor importance, but it will most assuredly render a moral life null and void, "For except

a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” Suppose I write a cipher on the blackboard, what is it worth? Nothing. I write another, and so on until six ciphers appear on the board. I make a dollar mark at the left, and say to this congregation, tell me the amount of money that it calls for and I will pay it over to you. They all say it calls for nothing. I place a figure one to the left, and a school-boy cries out it is a million dollars. The one thing needful to give it value was the figure one. So man may have a great many good qualities, but in the great day of eternity they will appear on the ledgers of heaven’s unshaken walls, before the eye of God, as so many ciphers. “For except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”

Some months ago I was journeying through an Eastern cave many miles under ground. Some places we would journey through a little narrow passage way, a mile in length, the greater part of the way not more than two feet in width. Then out into great rooms, some of which would measure one thousand feet in circumference, ceiling two hundred

feet high. Other places down we would go two or three hundred feet as steep as the steepest hill; then across an old river bed, then around a mountain of rock, all the while in midnight darkness, save the dim light of our candles. I said to myself, what would I do in case the guide would desert me? Well, I knew there was no chance for me to ever find my way out. I voluntarily entered the cave, but must have help, or I never would walk again in the land of sunshine. And this to my mind represents the condition of the world previous to the coming of Christ. The world has voluntarily wandered away from God, wandering in darkness that no tongue can describe. There was no possible way of escape; all was dark and the world lost, and just at that time Jesus came from the bosom of the Father, and said I have a way for man's escape. And, my friends, you may spend a life-time in trying to plan a more desirable way, but all in vain. The words are penned on the pages of revelation: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

I notice for a moment the necessity of the new birth. Man's mind, heart, and life are wrong until he is regenerated, and without the new birth no person whatever can see the kingdom of God. It is not said he may not, or not likely he will, nor he shall not, but the words of the great teacher are : "He cannot." That is, its utterly impossible to enter the kingdom of heaven independent of the new birth. The text does not say, however, that a man cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, but it does emphatically say he cannot see the kingdom of God. That means he shall not be able to get in sight of it. He may possibly see the gate, but certainly cannot see inside, God declares in His Word that by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified.

Again, we read, the carnal mind is enmity against God, and we know this carnal mind manifests itself in every unsaved man by rebelling against Bible truth, to that extent, as to decline to accept the way of life, and having this unwillingness to answer, and obey the voice of Jesus, there arises a universal necessity for the new birth to bring men into perfect harmony with the teachings of Christ.

We cannot pray in the spirit until we are born of the spirit; we cannot sing with grace in our hearts, while we ourselves are minus of the grace.

O! but says one, don't the Bible say to "work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." Yes, but you had better get it first. People who talk about working at their own salvation, when they haven't any salvation, reminds me of the sick patient, when the doctor said drink a cup of hot tea and sweat. He said: "Doctor, if it is just the same to you, I will sweat first and take the tea afterward." You have heard men talk about being happy in heaven, but I want to tell you that the inhabitants of heaven were happy before they reached the land of rest. They rejoiced in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality before they departed this life. It is not going to heaven altogether that makes people happy, it is the new birth that gives them a blessed foretaste of the kingdom of glory. You take a sinner and place him right beside the Savior in heaven, wouldn't he be happy? Yes, he would; he would pray for somebody to kill him in case he



should pray at all. Suppose the case you invite fifty religious persons to come to your home to-night for the purpose of engaging in a prayer meeting; then go out and find a first class sinner and have him come in. Do you suppose there would be any enjoyment there for him. No, none whatever. He is out of his element. He would enjoy that meeting as you Christian men would enjoy spending a night in the gambling room among the roughs; hence you see the necessity of the new birth to bring men into fellowship with Christ in this life that it may be the joy of their heart to hold communion with Christ hereafter. Let us notice now what the new birth is, or first, if you please, what it is not. It is not unreasonable, for God never makes unreasonable demands of his people.

I believe the laws of our country demand of you, if you desire to become President of these United States, you must be an American citizen; so when foreigners come to this country they have no right to find fault with our laws. So God has seen proper to make it a law that everyone who gets into the king-

dom of grace shall be born into it, and no one has any right to accuse God of being unreasonable. Again, I am sure that the new birth is not imagination, for no man has power to even conceive such a mysterious work, neither the wisdom or education of the world has ever taught it. It is not of human origin. It is a divine principle calling for divine power to bring it about. The new birth is not simply believing that Jesus is the Christ, for Satan believed and trembled; neither is it conviction, for Felix was convicted, so much so that he cried out to the soldier to take Paul away. It is not being almost persuaded, for King Agrippa had just such an experience, and yet never found the way of life, as far as we know. We know it is not formality, for all forms without power are dead, and I might add a hundred other things right along this line, none of which, nor all of them for that matter, would constitute the new birth. Holding then that man is born in sin, that it becomes a part of his very nature, that the new birth is absolutely necessary, and after having noticed what it is not, we will notice briefly what the new birth

is. The new birth signifies a change, a very great change, a wonderful change in the heart of man, by the power of the spirit of God. It means that something has been done for the sinner that could not possibly have been done without the help of God. And when done, brings a man into an experience that he never had before. When sin entered into this world it did not destroy the essence of the soul, only made it dead to God, so the new birth is not to give a new faculty but a new quality. It is not to destroy the old stamp, but to imprint the new. While the new birth is a wonderful work, it may be accomplished in one moment by the sinner's consent. God can do a great work in a brief time. I hold that a man may be a sinner one moment and a disciple of Jesus the next. I will make it stronger still; he may be a sinner the last half of one minute and a saved man the first second of the next. And the change is as great as it is rapid. The Apostle Paul declares if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. You see He strikes right at the work of creating. It produces a change of mind, change of heart, change of spirit, of

purpose, and a change of life. Indeed, this divine work is so complete in the salvation of a sinner that the only clear explanation is to call the man a new creature in Christ Jesus. Completely changed through and through by the power of God. The idea is a new creation, and I want every soul here to-day to know that I do not advise any second-hand work ; I want first principles first, and second principles second. You may patch an old coat until it is covered all over, and it is the same old coat still. So a sinner may try to patch up, cover over his sinful life, but all in vain. If he lives a hundred years, he will be the same old sinner. There is only one way to get rid of sin, and that is the divine way. Accept Christ as your real, living, personal Savior !

Now, my unconverted friends, let us be fair with each other, let us deal honestly concerning this matter. Do you not feel your need of this divine work? Have you not tried to plan some other way? Have you not been troubled at heart? Have you not gone to some friend and said: "Do you really think a man must be born again?" What

made you do that? Why were you so concerned about it? Aye, you well know, you are not satisfied with your condition. God was pressing this important matter upon your heart, and you were wondering if it could be settled in any other way. It shows clearly that you have a doubt in your mind concerning your future happiness, in case you overlook this all-important work. And I want you to remember also that when you have a doubt in your mind concerning the way, you must always give God the benefit of the doubt. But in this case there is no room for even a shadow of doubt. For Jesus says: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

My friends, I want you to look right into the very heart of this one word—Except. If there is a drunkard here to-night, you expect to go to heaven, and so you may but remember the word—Except. If there is a profane man here, you think some day you will enter the land of rest, but remember the word—Except! If there is a good moral man here, you expect to go to heaven; its possible for you, but remember the word—Except. It

takes its place right between every sinner and the kingdom of God. Jesus placed it there. He placed it there to stay. You cannot go around it on either side, neither above it or below it, it is there to stay. All the combined efforts of the world cannot get it out of the way until God's requirements are all met. Let me hold up the word before you once more: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

While we arise and sing, may our dear Heavenly Father, who wills that all shall be saved, grant to-night to help some poor sinful soul, that Jesus died to save, to accept the way, and this night be born again!



## SERMON VI.

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TEXT.—“I will arise and go to my father.”—Luke xv, 18.

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**W**E have in this parable a statement concerning a father dividing his property between his two sons. The younger of them said: “Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me;” and, says the Word: “He divided unto them his living.” Notice, my friends, it was the younger of the two boys who made the demand. I am willing to make some allowance for this boy, as he was young, and had but little judgment concerning the way to success. Every boy reaches a certain period in life, between the ages of twelve and twenty, when he knows more than his father, or rather, he thinks he does. I have passed through that period, and I think I am safe in making the assertion that all the men here tonight have had a similar experience. Well do I remember when I was a boy, on the

farm, of being surprised at the ignorance of my father concerning the best way to do farm work. I often said to myself: "When I get to be a man, I will teach my father a few things, at least;" but after-years have convinced me of the fact that my father was equally as well posted as myself. But as to the case before us. I think this boy made an inexcusable mistake in asking his father to divide the property. If the father could see possibilities in his boy sufficient to enable him to feel like dividing his property, all right; but whenever children walk up to their parents and demand the property divided, it becomes a serious matter. But this father, like most all other fathers, was anxious to see his boy do well, and was at a loss to know the best thing to do.

He, perhaps, reasoned in this wise. He said: "If I fail to grant his request, he may become dissatisfied, and make out of himself a wreck, then I may feel that some of the blame is due to me; but if I grant his request and then he fails, he can only blame himself." Hence he decided to divide the property. There is something about this pathetic story

that goes straight to every human heart. I know of no story in the Bible that has left deeper impressions in the minds and hearts of men than the story of this wandering boy. There are fathers and mothers in a hundred homes in this land who will sit down quietly this summer evening in their own home and read of this wandering boy, and as they read the tears will fall from their cheeks as they think how similar was his case to that of their own boy. Parents, whose children have done well in life, will read this story with thankful hearts, as they remember their own boys never wandered from home. Many a poor criminal has read these words with a sobbing heart, as he remembers leaving his father's home to engage in sin that has brought him to disgrace and sorrow. Hence, you see, it affects all classes. It seems that the greatest desire of this young man was to get away from home. I have no doubt but that he stood before his father and laid down the plans for his future success. He had heard of other young men going off to far countries and getting rich, making a fortune in a few months. Perhaps he tells his father of a num-

ber of such cases, but the father reminds him of the fact that there are many others who go and spend their money—return home without a penny! “Ah,” says the boy, “don’t you allow yourself a moment’s uneasiness about me; I know what I am doing; I have a mind of my own; I expect in three or four years to be proprietor of some first-class bank. Indeed, I can almost see a portion of the world’s wealth moving in this direction.” And in this happy spirit he bids good-bye to the old home, starts out in life, as he believes, with bright prospects before him. And I can see him, in my imagination, walking across a field where he has raked the hay and followed the plow. He smiles and says: “Good-bye, old farm! No more hard work for me. I am going off to speculate, get rich, live fat, without work.” On he goes. Week after week he journeys on to distant fields. I do not know how long his journey continued; but, perhaps, a long time. He at last reaches an old, ancient town, where boys and girls are promenading the streets. He likes the looks of the place, and makes up his mind to locate, at least for awhile, puts up at a first-

class inn, calls on a boy to black his boots, folds his arms, and says: "No more trouble for me." He makes friends very fast. The young men of the town discover that he has money, and they flock around him by the score, and it really seems that he has more friends than anyone in town. I suppose you are all aware of the fact that it is no trouble to have friends if you have plenty of money, and are free to spend it. This young man takes in all places of amusements; he is in the very midst of enjoyment, and is surprised at himself to think he did not have his father divide the estate sooner; but we need not be surprised, after a number of sunshiny days, if we are called to pass through a few days of cloudy weather.

So in the case of the prodigal son, his last day of sunshine passed away with his last dollar. Money and sunshine sometimes disappear at the same time, and leave a man in darkness. So one dark morning the prodigal finds himself without money. A few months before he was really mad at himself to think he had not left home sooner; but now he is equally as much dissatisfied to

think he left at all. His clothes are getting thread-bare, his feet are getting too long for his shoes, at least his toes seem inclined to crawl out. He is ashamed to work, for he has been playing the millionaire. Of course it will not do to beg, and there he is. Young men, take a look at him. He don't look much like buying out his father. By this time the young people of the town are getting suspicious of him. They have their doubts as to his being so wealthy. He cannot dress as other young men who go in fashionable society. The young men give him a cold shoulder, the girls treat him with indifference. What to do, the poor fellow does not know. He has no credit, the landlord presents his board bill, but the young man's money is all gone. Methinks I see him stealing quietly away to his little room, sits down all alone, thinks over his misfortune, and then takes a good, old fashioned cry as he remembers how he has spent the hard earnings of his father. He is homesick all over.

Boys, were you ever homesick? It is awful in the extreme. It is different from all



other sickness. After a man becomes as sick as he thinks is possible, then he just begins to get sick. I presume it comes as near sea-sickness as anything else, and the Chinaman has well described sea-sickness. He says it is "a very disgustible sick."

But let us go on with the prodigal son. He takes a little bundle of clothing in his hand, starts down the public highway, friendless and alone. Men remark as he passes by: "There goes a tramp." He inquires for work, but people are not anxious to pick up strangers; and, to make the matter more serious, a mighty famine prevailed in that land; but we learn from the Scriptures that he succeeded in finding a place where he could feed the swine. Could you have seen him wading around in the mud, you would not have thought for one moment that he was the same boy who left home so cheerful a while before. But, after all, young men, that is the way the devil does. He leads young men from Christian homes, from good society, from the church of Christ, and leaves them friendless and alone.

But now comes the question, how did he get back? I read from the Word, that after

awhile he came to himself, and said: "I will arise and go to my father." I like that resolution. It has the right ring to it. He is now getting down to business. He does not say: "I wish I could go home," or "I wish I were there," nor, "I believe I'll make the effort," but he does emphatically say: "I will arise and go to my father."

When I speak to some young men of to-day about becoming religious, they say they would like to become religious, but they are afraid to make the start lest they might fail. However, they think some day they will make the effort. But this prodigal has no more time to lose. His case, to him, is serious; hence he makes a firm resolution, then and there to arise and go to the father. I am not able to say how many tiresome days he journeyed to reach home, how many dark nights he experienced without shelter; but one thing I do know, he at last came in sight of the old home, and I will venture the assertion right here that the old homestead never seemed so dear to him in all his life. His father meets him down the way, embraces him to his heart, when the young man

at once begins to confess his sins. But the father said to his servants: "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry." For this, my son, was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." Oh! what joy there is in that home. But I suppose nothing to compare with the joy in heaven when a wandering boy returns to God.

Now let us look right into the heart of this parable. We learn by the reading of the story that the young man took the liberty to have his father divide the property; and the result was a very great failure. And every young man who divides that which is given him by our Heavenly Father, his time, talent, education, influence, and does not use them to the glory of God, may expect at the end of life to be in circumstances much more to be dreaded than those of the prodigal son. Again, I notice the prodigal son suffering with hunger, while in his father's home were all the luxuries of life.

This may well represent the lamentable condition of him who has resisted all the pleadings of the father, and the invitations to Jesus, until he stands away from friends, a poor, lost soul away from his father. Are there any such here to-night? If so, will you not say: "I will arise and go to the father."

Then I notice this poor boy found his wicked associates could do him no good—they deserted him, and left him to himself. So it will be at the last day, unnumbered thousands of young men are living lives of dissipation rather than lose the good-will of evil associates. But when the trying hour comes they will profit you nothing. I want to say to every young man, in hearing of my voice, that I will do more for you than the nearest friend you have, if that friend is an open sinner in the sight of God. When your cheeks are growing pale and your voice begins to tremble; when you feel the last hour is near at hand, I will get up at the midnight hour, the darkest night, and face the storms of winter to reach your home that I may kneel by your bed-side and pray God to forgive your sins and accept you as his child.

That is something that wicked men cannot do, hence your best friend is the one who is most faithful in the darkest days of life.

I well remember when I was a small boy attending school, I was reading a story something like this: Four boys were standing gazing at the Natural bridge in Virginia. They could see the names of many that had been carved in the great rocks that were laid one above the other by the hand of God. And, of course, it was boy-like to have a desire to place his name above all the rest. So, with knife in hand, one boy starts, climbing almost perpendicularly up the side of the great bridge. Carefully he places his fingers and toes in the niches made by the hands of others. Higher and higher he climbs, until he carves his name above that of George Washington; but not satisfied with this, he carves notch after notch, until he is high above the highest point that had ever been reached by others; and now, for the first time, he sees the perilous condition he is in. The boys below see the mistake he has made. In his haste to ascend he has made the niches so far apart that to try to descend was certain death. There is only one way of

escape, and that is to make the top. One boy hastens to notify his parents of the perilous condition of their boy. The parents come in haste—the mother kneels in prayer, with eyes fixed upon her boy, who is clinging to the cliffs a hundred feet above. The father takes his place at the top of the bridge, and cries out to his boy: “Son, don’t look down; keep your eyes on me, don’t fail to look up, and I will save you.” A neighbor comes in haste with rope in hand, but alas! it is fifty feet too short. The sun is setting, the mantle of darkness will soon overshadow the scene. The boy is fast growing weaker, his hand trembles, he is slowly carving the last niche he has strength to make, his arm is getting numb, the knife-blade is almost worn away, a moment later it drops from his hand and falls by his praying mother on the rocks below. She rings her hands, and cries out in despair: “Is there no hope?” At that moment the father motions to one who is coming with more rope to make haste, and then, once more, exclaims: “Son, keep looking up.” The man arrives; the rope is quickly fastened and hangs swinging by the side of the boy, who seems more like



one dead than alive. His head drops carelessly to one side, he loses the use of one hand, his arm falls by his side, when, more providential than otherwise, it drops through the loop of the hanging rope. A few seconds of breathless stillness prevail, his other hand loses its grip, and the boy is swinging in the air. Slowly they draw him to the top where his father is reaching with half the length of his body over the great rocks to save his son, who is soon in his arms.

Young men, you tremble while I tell you this story; but, oh! how many boys have strayed away from their Heavenly Father, and are, at this moment, in the very midst of peril. Some, perhaps, are here to-night who have wandered from God; and, when you left your home to come to this revival meeting, your Heavenly Father was saying: "Look to me, and I will save you."

While Jesus Christ, who died that all might live, is standing at the right hand of God, pleading in tender tones and beckoning with hands marked with the nails, He looks from that city that hath twelve foundations,

and with one hand on the beatific throne and the other reaching toward the hearts of men, He urges you to say, like the prodigal: "I will arise and go to my father."

Do you not remember that unfortunate man who stole his way out to a rock in the sea at ebb tide? He amused himself for a season by watching the crested waves that dashed against the rock; but at last, tired and weary, he falls asleep; the tide returned and cut off his retreat to the shore. He at once realizes his condition; he cries for help, raised a signal of distress, but all in vain. Higher and higher the waters rise until he is swept away, nevermore to return until that great day when the sea shall give up her dead. May Almighty God open the eyes of every unsaved soul here to-night. The waves of temptation are gathering around you; the tide of unbelief is sweeping many away, who, at the last day, can expect nothing more than to hear the words: "He that is unrighteous, let him be unrighteous still." My unconverted friends, it is only a question of time, and, perhaps, a very brief time, that may be allotted to you to

settle this all-important matter. You may at this moment be standing on the very brink of the grave. Yes, one more step and you have reached your fate. You can only tremble and fall into the bottomless pit. Oh ! my Father, help some dear one here just now to say : "I, too, will arise and go to my Father."

## SERMON VII.

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TEXT.—“And the seed of Israel separated themselves from all strangers, and stood and confessed their sins and the iniquities of their fathers; and they stood up in their place and read in the book of the law of the Lord, their God, one-fourth part of the day; and another fourth part they confessed and worshiped the Lord, their God.”—Neh. ix, 2, 3.

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**W**HEN we are going to preach a small sermon, it is always in order to get a good big text. So we have it in this one. We have a number of very important statements recorded in the book of Nehemiah, and especially is this true of the ninth chapter. These words were penned by the prophet long years ago, but they embrace a few clear, plain, practical points that are calculated to help those who read them with sincerity.

The inspired penman makes mention here of a certain meeting that took place, where some very important work was done. In-

deed, I regard it as a most interesting and successful meeting. Any meeting where people are called together to worship God may be regarded as being successful. Any meeting where men repent of their sins may be called successful. Such was the case in this meeting.

Any meeting may be considered successful where men, in the proper sense, confess their sins. This they did in the case before us. Any meeting where the Bible is read with sincerity may properly be called a successful meeting. Such was the case in the one recorded by the prophet.

Any gathering where God is worshiped may be called successful. This commendable feature was also a part of the proceedings of this meeting. Hence, we have these four points of interest. They confessed, read the Word of the Lord, repented of their sins, and worshiped God. I notice, in the first place, that they had become very much dissatisfied with their condition, so they appointed a meeting for the purpose of taking a retrospect of the past, and see if something could not be done that might prove helpful to them in the future. They had reached a point in life, in

which they were really dissatisfied with themselves. It is a blessed thing that they reached that point. There are too many people who get dissatisfied with everybody else but themselves. I think a man stands a better chance for heaven when he becomes dissatisfied with himself than to be finding fault with those around him. So in this case, each one seems to have been dissatisfied concerning his own case. Their consciences were troubling them. They felt that something must be done. So they agreed to read from the book of the law of the Lord their God, and then see how their lives would compare.

Brethren, that was a wise idea. If it had been some people to-day, I think they would want to compare their case with their neighbors, and then give in the decision in their own favor. Well, says the Scriptures: "They stood up, and read the law of the Lord one-fourth part of the day." I doubt very much if we have any account of a more interesting Bible reading than this one. It was a holding up of God's Word before them, and the pressing of Bible truths upon their hearts, with such weight as to bring them to a con-



fession. Methinks I see one of the number stand up and read from the twentieth chapter of Exodus: "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but on the seventh day thou shalt not do any work." Quite a number remember that they are guilty as touching this point. He reads on: "Honor thy father and thy mother." Quite a number of the young people remember that they have not adhered strictly to the command. Perhaps another one reads: "Thou shalt not steal." One poor fellow grows red in the face as he remembers on a certain occasion of borrowing a dollar of his neighbor while his neighbor was asleep. He succeeded admirably well in getting the dollar, but his conscience reminds him of the fact that it was all wrong, and a great sin in the sight of God. Another reads: "Thou shalt not covet," that is, to desire or grieve after that which belongs to others. There are some in the congregation who well know they have been guilty along this line. It is possible that another reads: "Thou shalt not make unto thyself gods of silver or gold." Some of them remember how often their hearts have been found yearning

after the world rather than God. So they continue to read for a fourth part of a day. By this time they could see so many wrong things they had done, that they decided, without a dissenting voice, to confess their sins to one another and to God. I do not know what all they were guilty of, but I suppose similar sins to that of to-day. Talking about their neighbors, not paying their debts, lying on one another, professing to be Christians, and living in sin, refusing to pray when called upon, finding fault with God's dealings with men, and a great many other sins. For I find by the reading of the Word that when they were ready to confess, it took them one-fourth part of a day; so it is evidently clear that the confessing was no small matter. Let me read again: "And another fourth part they confessed and worshiped the Lord, their God." So, brethren, you may divide up the three hours just as you like. They confessed and worshiped God one-fourth part of a day. I suppose it took them about two hours and three-quarters to confess, and then they had the other fifteen minutes to worship God, And, for my part, I would much prefer a work

of this kind, rather than be spending so much time in trying to worship God when you are not in a condition so to do.

I remark, in the second place, that, in my judgment, a meeting of this kind would be beneficial in some communities about once a month. Call on one brother to read from the book of Romans: “Now I beseech you, brethren, for Christ’s sake, and the love of the spirit, that you strive together with me in your prayers.” Then ask the question: How many of you have been striving with each other in prayer for the prosperity of the church—for the salvation of souls? How many of you have offered a prayer during the past week that your pastor might be able to so preach on the Sabbath that God might be glorified? Then read from Corinthians: “Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of the Lord Jesus, that there be no division among you, but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment. Then it might be well to read again the language of the apostle: “For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy

Ghost.” Then, if any are not fully satisfied with their spiritual condition, make their case a subject of prayer; and, don’t you see, brethren, what a tendency such meetings would have in binding us together in Christian love? I am not much inclined to complain; but I declare unto you it does seem to me that a little more good, honest confession would be very acceptable to God.

Do you know why there are so many unhappy professors in the world? Well, I think I do. They do enough wrong things to make the devil ashamed of himself, then stand up in class-meeting, and say: “Somehow I don’t feel as happy as I have in other days, but I hope to hold out faithful, and would like to be remembered in your prayers.” Yes, they are very anxious to hold out, and you need not be surprised if God holds a great number of such professors clear outside of the kingdom of glory.

I tell you, it means something to live a devoted Christian life, and I have no doubt in my mind but there are thousands who have lost the joy of salvation by trying to keep sin smothered up in their heart. No man can en-

joy life in the proper sense, and at the same time be concealing that which is wrong in his heart.

It was reported to a certain preacher, as he sat in his pulpit, almost ready to begin his sermon, that a certain member of his flock had actually been guilty of stealing, and that the guilty party was that moment in the congregation. The minister arose, and stated the case, then added: "I will wait five minutes for the accused to confess; if no confession is made, I will doubtless find the guilty party, so you had better confess." The time allotted soon passed away, no confession being made. Then the minister called for a hatchet, arose to his feet, and said: "If I throw this hatchet it will certainly hit the guilty man." He said to the congregation: "You who are not guilty need not dodge; you will not get hurt, but the guilty man had better watch." He then drew back his arm as though he was going to throw, and that moment down went a man behind the bench. He knew he was guilty. God knew it, and yet he was there to join with others in the worship of God, with that sinful heart, and the

result was, he had to dodge. And the man to-day who is guilty of wronging God will have to dodge or get hit, probably both, every time he hears a Gospel sermon. I have heard men accuse the minister of preaching certain sermons for them, when the truth of the matter is, the minister was preaching the Gospel of Christ, and when the pure Gospel of Jesus came in contact with their guilty consciences, it made them dodge.

The Gospel has teeth, and Gospel teeth will bite sinners. "The Word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." I notice by the study of the Word of God that a little confession has always been necessary.

Isaiah cried out to God : "I am all undone." David said : "I have sinned." Paul confessed himself the chief of sinners.

So in the text of our sermon to-day : "They confessed their sins."

You may think that a very simple thing to do, but wait till you try it. It is easy enough,



to be sure, to confess the sins of somebody else, but it tries a fellow for all he is worth to confess his own sins. But I am for the man that, when he does wrong, has principle enough to confess it; and it takes a man of some principle to publicly confess his own sins. There are people in the world who confess the sins of the whole community, save their own.

It doesn't take a great deal of brains, nor scarcely any common sense, to confess the sins of your neighbors. Give some people about three ounces of the devil in their heart, and one-fourth of an ounce of brains in their head; and one such person can confess the sins of the whole county, but it never benefits the county, neither does it bring the confessor any nearer to Christ. But in the case before us, they confessed their own sins, every man became in earnest concerning his own soul's salvation. The question was not, how about the sins of the whole country? But each one seemed anxious to measure himself by the divine standard.

Have I set the right kind of an example before the world? Have I kept the faith?

Have I been true to God? Doubtless God was pressing such questions upon their hearts, and their anxiety to do better waxed stronger and stronger, until they made a scriptural confession, that means, a confession of a man's own sins rather than his neighbor's; also, a confession that will bring a man to repentance. Bible confession makes a man confess with his lips the sentiments of his heart. So with the Israelites,—they made a confession that led them to repentance, and I regard that as a very essential point. They might have held their meeting, made a surface confession, without any great profit. A man may confess that he has done wrong, but manifest no spirit of regret for such wrong. He may say, I have sinned against God, but I am not in the least grieved for so doing." That kind of confession may possibly get a man in sight of the gates of heaven, but, remember, he will never get inside.

We learn, in the lesson before us, that they not only confessed, but repented in sack-cloth and in the dust of the earth—the Jewish mode of expressing sorrow and penitence. They had sinned against God and man, and now,

in the humblest way possible, they make confession.

We learn in the previous chapter that Ezra opened the book in the sight of all the people, and blessed the Lord; and all the people answered, Amen, Amen!

I always think a meeting is making some headway when I hear the brethren say, "Amen."

I notice, in conclusion, that this meeting which caused them to confess their sins, repent of their wrongs, and read the Word of the Lord, left them in the best possible condition to worship God; and I find that every one began to praise God for his goodness. They said: "Let us stand up and bless the Lord forever and ever." Again they exclaimed: "Blessed be Thy glorious name." They declare that God is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness. Such has always been the case. As soon as a man meets the requirements of God, he will find some reason to praise God. I have no doubt that these people had been dissatisfied with God's peculiar way in dealing with men. They had, perhaps, found fault, time and

again, but now they stand and declare: "All the nations everywhere ought to praise God for his goodness." And if you will give me the date when the whole world will accept Christ, I will tell you when the whole world will be found praising God; for as sure as there is a God in heaven, all saved men find a warm place in their heart for Christ. They will stand like the apostle of old, and say: "I would rather suffer all things than hinder the Gospel of Christ."

Brethren, let us profit by this lesson. Remember they worshiped God, not man, nor any principle of man, neither the earth below, nor the planets above, angels, nor arch-angels, but they worshiped God. May God speed the time when the nations of the earth will be found worshiping God. God must rule in State and in Nation. His laws must govern the homes, and His spirit live in the hearts of men. The command has rolled down through the centuries of the past: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God," and there is not a civilized country in the world to-day that can prosper any length of time where God is not worshiped.

Men may move an army, kings a nation, to engage in war, but none save the eternal God can move the world toward heaven; and to accomplish this, God must be worshiped. The whole book of Revelation is urging the world to worship God. It is written in the old, as well as the new, testament scriptures—worship God.

Every book in this Bible demands of us that we worship God. The suffering of Jesus, the atonement of Christ, the command to preach the Gospel, have all been given that men might worship God.

And now, brethren, if you are not in a condition to worship God in the true sense, while we arise and sing, meet me around the altar, and we will see the results of a little confessing.

## SERMON VIII.

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TEXT.—“For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”—John iii, 16.

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**T**HIS Bible is a wonderful book. It is God's book. God has seen proper to reveal Himself to the world through this book. It is the only book He has ever placed before us; and the greatest, as well as the weakest and most humble, must go to this book to learn of God. Doubtless God could have placed hundreds of volumes before us, but He has seen proper to place all that it is necessary for us to know concerning the way of life in this one book.

There is enough salvation represented in this Blessed Word, to save the last man who walks the face of the earth before the rising of



to-morrow's sun, if men would accept it as it is. If you want to learn the way of life everlasting, you must go to the Word; if you are anxious concerning the future, here in God's Word you will find instruction; if you would like to know something of the extent of Gospel power, here it is: "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation, unto every one that believeth." If you are anxious to know how much God loves you, open your Bible and read: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

If you have loved ones who have crossed the swelling Jordan with full faith in Jesus, and you would like to know something concerning their present condition, just read the words: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." This is a book of blessed promises. Scarcely a page on this book void of one or more blessed promises that God has made to us. They run like a

golden chain from Genesis to Revelation, each link holding fast in its embrace some beautiful promise of future life for all who love the Savior.

These promises are, in one sense, like the promises we make to one another, that is, they are conditional. The father promises his child a reward, providing the child complies with his request. So God's promises are necessarily conditional, which, in my judgment, increases rather than decreases the spirit of love. If God would say to the world: "Go on in sin, trample beneath your feet all my promises, and I will at last give you a home with all the redeemed in heaven;" that, in the true sense, would not be love; for any spirit or principle that evades justice, is not the true spirit of love; consequently God's promises are all conditional. "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

That promise will not profit any man who fails to come. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so the Son of Man is lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." That promise is for those only who believe,

Again, I read: "If my people who are called by my name, will humble themselves and pray, and seek my face, then will I hear from heaven and forgive their sin, and heal their land." But this has no reference whatever to those who heed not the Word.

And here in our text, brethren, we have a most wonderful statement concerning God's love to man; and right in connection with this statement we have a promise sufficiently strong within itself to save every poor soul in the universe, though it be the only promise in the Bible.

The statement is sufficient within itself, though there be no other in the Bible to show, beyond all contradiction, that God's love far exceeds all human conception. The statement is that: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son"; then the promise links right on to the statement, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life. Did you ever read of anything like that? A promise so great in its design, and broad enough in its extent to reach over the entire world; and God makes this promise right in connection

with the statement, just as though he were trying to take the world in his own arms, and with the divine link of love, link it to Jesus, the Savior of the world.

Indeed, I think that was God's design. He had no other purpose in view when he gave his son to die for the world, only to redeem a fallen race. Man was perishing, the human family was dying, and, notwithstanding the fact that man had voluntarily reached his helpless condition, yet God's great heart of love was moved with sympathy, and he begins to prepare a way for the restoration of man. His great design was to restore the race to the image of God, that we might not perish, but have eternal life in the world to come. The means by which he executed this design, we find in the text: "For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

I read, somewhere, a story of a sinking ship. The announcement was made; the men are soon busy; the pumps are at work; but they are not able to pump out the water as fast as it enters by the leak. The only hope

for the safety of the vessel is that some one will give his life in order to save the ship. The captain called for volunteers ; in less than a minute one man stepped forward and said, "I will go down and stop the leak." He went, and worked until completely exhausted. He succeeded in stopping the leak. The ship grew lighter and lighter, and was soon out of danger.

The captain said : "Let us go down and see about our man." They went down to the third deck, and saw his body floating on the water ; they brought him up and embalmed his body ; and when land was reached, they carried it ashore and buried it ; and the spot was marked by a tombstone, on which was inscribed the epitaph : "This friend gave his life that all of us might live ;" and the names of those he saved were all engraved below. And they bless the memory of that man, and say : "If he had not died, we should all have been lost." So when the waves of death were dashing against the old ship, Humanity, and this world was about to sink forever, God called for volunteers. Jesus appeared before the Father, and said : "Father, I will go."

And he came, and is soon in the midst of the old ship, Humanity, and with arms outstretched, he holds the world above the raging storm. The earth trembles, while God seems to stand in the gateway of heaven, pointing to the "Sun of Righteousness," and exclaims to the nations of the earth: "For God so loved the world."

The vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; the voice of the Father is still heard saying: "For God so loved the world." Earth and heaven seemed draped in mourning, the earth is all dark; but, methinks, I hear the Father's voice still repeating the words: "For God so loved the world." The rocks were rent, and graves were opened while the Father is still crying: "For God so loved the world." On and on the storm of sorrow rages, until the mighty cloud of darkness spreads over all the world; and during these three long hours of intense darkness, God was still pointing to his Son, and saying to perishing humanity, "For God so loved the world." Then I can see the Savior, who is fast sinking beneath the blackness of the world's sin, look intensely toward the Father;



then, in words that almost rend his heart, he exclaims: "It is finished!" Then God seems to walk out upon the door-sill of everlasting life, take one look at the world, then add the remainder of this verse: "That whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." Glory be to God!

The storm is over; the clouds pass away; darkness is turned to light; not one soul in all the world need be lost. Heaven and eternal life are within the reach of all. Oh! how I wish I had the power to hold up before the world this one passage of Scripture. Read it, preach it, talk about it, pray over it, until every soul in the universe could see something of the height and the depth of God's eternal love; for I tell you to-day, I firmly believe if the vilest sinner that walks among men could be brought to hear these words daily ringing in his ears, he certainly would be constrained to give his heart to Jesus.

It has been said that there is no love like that of a mother; and as far as human love is concerned, it is true. The mother will make sacrifices for her children that others will not; and even though her children will

not obey her voice, yet she will daily bear them on her arms of prayer to the throne of grace. If her boy is in prison, she will visit him there. Friends and neighbors may pass the jail, wholly unconcerned. He is a criminal now, and forsaken by his associates, yet the mother of that boy will visit the cell and try to cheer the heart of her boy.

You remember the case of Maxwell, the murderer of Preller, at St. Louis. How his mother came thousands of miles over land and sea, how she appeared before the Governor, and plead for the life of her son, who was still so dear to her. She told the Governor that he had always been a good boy at home, and how near he was to her; then in her closing remarks said: "Governor, I plead that you will save my boy from the gallows." This case represents a mother's love; but here in my Bible I find a love far exceeding the comprehension of man. Jesus, the Son of God pleading, and, at the same time, dying for those who are putting him to death. Oh! wonderful story of love! Who can grasp it?

The whole combined world cannot measure the height of God's love. It is like the mighty

river that goes winding its way around the mountain side, refreshed by many other streams, until it sweeps all before it. Even as Noah's ark prevailed over the highest mountain top of earth, so Christ's love prevails over the highest mountain top of our sins, reaching men's hearts everywhere, and drawing them into the great ocean of God's love; preparing them for heaven and everlasting life. Who can measure His infinite love?

If every blade of grass that grows could be multiplied by every little flower that blossoms on the earth, and that product by every drop of water that has fallen from the clouds, and that by every flake of snow that has fallen from above, then multiply by every grain of sand in the broad world, and we will only have a mite as compared with the love of God. Oh! that all of us who have tasted of the love of Christ may go in the spirit of Him who died on Calvary, and help convince the world that God loves them, and that He loves them so much, that He gave his only Son, for no other purpose than to provide a way of life for poor, guilty man. "Greater love hath no

man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends ;” but Jesus laid down his life for his enemies.

You remember when the Apostle Paul was preaching along this line, he became very anxious to have those to whom he preached to understand how much God loved them. He sees at once that he has not that power within himself, so he kneels and prays that God may help them to comprehend something, at least, of the love of God. He adds in this prayer that “Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith, that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God. Oh, what a prayer this is ! That God might so dwell in them that they might at least know something of the matchless and marvelous love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.

“In the year 1867,” says Rev. D. L. Moody, “a young man journeyed from Dublin to America, went to Chicago to begin a

series of meetings. The first night he selected for his text, John iii, 16: 'For God so loved the world.' He went from Genesis to Revelation, and preached that God in all ages had loved sinners. The second night he made choice of the same text, and so on for seven nights. The congregation wondered, night after night, what more could be said about the love of God. In closing the seventh sermon he said: 'Brethren, I have been trying for seven nights to tell you how much God loves you, but this poor, stammering tongue of mine will not let me.' And then he added: 'If I could ascend Jacob's ladder, and ask Gabriel, who stands in the presence of the Almighty, how much God loved this poor, lost world, he would say: 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

And now let me ask this congregation, have you any doubt that God loves you? If Jesus Christ is not a Savior of love, tell me who it was that stood before poor, mortal man, and said: "It is not the will of my Father that

one of these little ones should perish?" If Jesus Christ is not a Savior of love, tell me who it was that walked over the hills and plains of Palestine offering peace and consolation to all? If Jesus Christ was not a Savior of love, who was it that stood before the downcast and the depressed, and said, in tender words: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?" If Jesus Christ is not a Savior of love, tell me who it was that stopped the burial procession, lifted his voice to the Father, and caused a widow's only son to leap from a coffin and embrace his mother? If Jesus Christ is not a Savior of love, who was it that prayed in the garden till great drops of sweat like blood stood all over His face? Yes, who was it that hung bleeding and dying on the cross, in the midst of darkness, that no tongue can describe, and all the while praying for the salvation of men? The answer comes: "It was Jesus!" What does it all mean? It means: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."



When a great man was dying, a friend said to him: "You are soon to leave us; will you tell me what is to you the most wonderful verse in the Bible?" He whispered: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Well, I thank God for that "whosoever;" *that* covers the whole ground. It embraces all colors, men of all ranks and shades of opinion; it embraces every child of man, save the unbeliever; it reaches as high as heaven, as deep as the verge of perdition; it is as wide as the universe, and as durable as the everlasting ages to come. And Oh! what an awful thing to see a man die without Christ, with this text hanging over him. Yes, the Word says: "Whosoever believeth may have everlasting life." That does not mean life for one hundred years; it does not mean one thousand years; it has no reference to a million years. It means what it says: "*everlasting*." God lays hold of the gates of eternity, and by His own matchless power throws them wide open, and shows the world a measureless period of

happiness, and says it belongs to the children of God.

I have tried, sometimes, to fathom the word "everlasting" or eternity; but like the little child who sits upon the carpet trying to pick up the stripe of sunshine that beams through the crevice of the door, it tries and tries, but every time its little hand comes back empty. So I have tried to grasp with my mind the duration of eternity; my mind goes on and on, but always comes back empty. It is like measuring the distance to the sun; you may measure on and on, until it seems that all is infinite space. So you may endeavor to measure the duration of eternity, but after exhausting every faculty of your understanding, you only reach the dawn. Millions of years may pass away, but it only represents eternity commenced. Then think what it will be to spend this eternity with God, then think of God's infinite love to you in the gift of His Son, that you might have life that knows no end.

I have sometimes thought, if it were possible I would like to take passage in a car that runs directly to heaven. I imagine as I would

look from the car window I could see the words written on the ends of the ties: "For God so loved the world." And as we would journey on through the clouds that hang above us, we would see the words: "For God so loved the world." Then higher still on the dark-blue canopy that overspreads the world, I see in large shining letters: "For God so loved the world." On we go, until at last we are in sight of the walls of the eternal city; and I read, engraved by the divine hand the words: "For God so loved the world." Yea, methinks I can read over the golden gates: "For God so loved the world;" and as the gates swing open, I can see on the beatific throne the words: "For God so loved the world." The words are written on the crowns of the angels in glory: "For God so loved the world."

They are written on the wings of seraphim and cherubim, and I expect some day to stand in the city of God, and read the words as they sparkle all around the unshaken walls of heaven: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have

everlasting life.” And now to-day I come to you with this message from God, and with all the power I have I urge upon you to make this matter a personal one. Remember, that Jesus died for you; as much so, as if you were the only person in the world. Think of it, my brother, Jesus came all the way from heaven to save you.

“O, precious Savior, that saves from sin,  
I am so glad I have entered in;  
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,  
Glory, glory to his name!”

## SERMON IX.

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TO YOUNG MEN.

*Subject:—On the Road to Pleasure.*

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TEXT.—“Now the Word of the Lord came unto Jonah, the son of Amittai, saying: ‘Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it, for their wickedness is come up before me.’”—Josiah i, 1, 2.

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**T**HE city of Nineveh was among the greatest of the ancient cities. It is said to have numbered at one time 800,000 inhabitants. It was inclosed by a great wall, 600 feet high, having one thousand and five hundred towers, reaching two hundred feet towards the clouds. The city stood on the bank of the Tigris river. It was supposed to have been built by the descendants of Shem, while others of them settled along the shores of the

Mediterranean, and became founders of the Egyptian Empire.

I imagine, if you could have seen this city of wealth some beautiful spring morning, lifting its costly domes high in the morning sunlight, you would have said ; this is certainly Jerusalem itself. But remember, wherever wickedness is the ruling element in any city, I care not how costly its buildings, how fine the streets, or how high the pinnacles may reach, that city loses its beauty in the sight of God. It was to this great city, however, that the Lord commanded Jonah to go. But this prophet, like many of to-day, laid down a plan for himself. There is human nature enough about all of us to be a little inclined to want our own way. God was calling Jonah to the city of duty, while the prophet wanted to go to the Tarsus of pleasure.

I imagine I see that tired sun-burnt Jew, coming around the hill side with a little bundle in his hand, perhaps all he owns of this world's goods, coming down to Joppa, a great shipping point, about 37 miles northwest of Jerusalem. He steps on board a vessel, I don't think he stops long enough to inquire



where it is going, for when a man is seeking pleasure, independent of God's help, he don't care very much where he goes, so that he pays his fare. Well, we learn from the Word of God, there are a great many people in the world who seem to think they have a perfect right to do as they please, just so they pay their way.

But I want to say to you, young man, that no man has a scriptural right to pay his way to crime and death. There are thousands of young men to-day paying their way to premature graves. The devil is always ready to take fare. He makes the young man believe that it is all right to drink, gamble and play cards, if he only pays his way. He says, give me your money! I will find pleasure for you! Give me your good name, your reputation, and I will make you happy! But, oh, how many young men, whose prospects for usefulness were most promising, have been led by evil influences down the hill, step by step, until money, health, good name and reputation were all gone, and no pleasure to be found.

I want to say to all the young men here to-night, if you are seeking pleasure in this

way, you will see, sooner or later, that it has been to the sorrow of your own heart, and at the cost of your mother's tears.

Some years ago a certain boy, in an Eastern city, said to his father and mother, I am tired of home ! There is pleasure in this world for those who will seek it, and I propose to enjoy life. He stepped on board the train, and was soon westward bound. He landed in the city of Keokuk, Iowa. He had a fine time for awhile, but he finally reached the end of his rope. Money and friends were both gone. He stands around on the street ; the police become suspicious of him ; he is ordered to leave the city, or go to the lock-up. He has not the courage to write home for money ; he goes up one street and down another, with a burden greater than he is able to bear. Late in the evening, as the shadows of night are coming on, he walks upon the banks of the Mississippi, takes one look back toward the old homestead, thinks of the kind words of father and mother, then leaps into the dark river, and takes his place with the unnumbered thousands who have started out in life, seeking pleasure.

I tell you it is the love of sinful pleasure to-day that is dragging multitudes of bright-eyed boys and girls from time into eternity. This desire to do wrong has raged like a storm in all the past ; it has raged in times of war and in times of peace ; in times of prosperity and in times of depression ; among the civilized and among the savages ; it has taken the plowman from his plow and the merchant from his store ; the mechanic from his bench and the banker from his desk ; the newsboy from the street, the orphan girl from her home, and cast them all into one common ruin, while Jesus stands with outstretched arms, reaching and pleading : “O, how often I would have gathered you together, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, but ye would not.”

Young people sometimes scorn the idea of surrendering up sinful pleasures in order to become Christians. They say the road to pleasure is the easiest and most desirable to travel on. This is a very great mistake ; but suppose it to be true, the easiest way is not always the most successful, neither the most desirable.

Let me illustrate: Two men journeyed into the far West; twenty years pass away; they decide to return and visit their old home. The circumstances of one are quite limited, he must make the long journey on foot; the other is in easy circumstances, so, with his match team and costly carriage; O, how he enjoys the trip; the weather is nice, the roads are smooth; a few weeks pass away, and he drives up to the spot where he had spent his boyhood days, but, to his surprise, corn is growing where the old homestead used to stand. He drives on to the next house, and inquires as to the whereabouts of father and mother. He is informed that they have been dead these five years; the farm has changed hands. He bathes his face in tears, and I hear him say: "I had a very pleasant journey, but failed to find *home*." But yonder in the distance comes the other one, trudging his way along all by himself. He is tired and weary; he thinks of the many miles that are yet before him, but as he thinks of the old home he continues to keep up courage. At last he turns the corner, enters the lane that leads to the old home; the road is muddy,

his feet feel so heavy, but all at once his eye catches a glimpse of the light in the window; he increases the rapidity of his steps, and when he reaches the gate looks through the window; there, seated by the stand, is his mother, with knitting in hand, close by her side sits the gray-headed father who is reading the old family Bible. The weary traveler could wait no longer; he throws wide open the gate, runs with all his might to the front door, does not even stop to rap, but pushes open the door, throws his arms about his mother's neck and exclaims: "Mother, I have had a long, tiresome journey, but, thank God, I have succeeded in reaching home!"

So let me say just here, that any road that leads a man to miss his heavenly home, I don't care how smooth it may seem, it is too rough for me. But I can stand a very rough road if it only leads me home.

But some of you may be wondering now what caused this prophet to want to wander away from God. Well, I have sometimes thought he came to the conclusion that he was able to take care of himself, and Jonah is not the only man who has ever lived who

thought himself able to get along without any of God's help; but, as a rule, all such fall into temptation and are soon hurried into eternity, without hope. It is possible, in Jonah's case, that he didn't stop to think. He decided, on the spur of the moment, not to obey the voice of God.

You know many of us will do and say things sometimes in an unguarded moment that we would not, after due consideration. And I believe to-day that that is the key which unlocks the mystery why so many people wander away from God. They don't stop to think. And the man who lives a Christless life dies a Christless death, and is wrapped in a Christless shroud, placed in a Christless coffin, and laid away in a Christless grave, is the man that don't think. If we could only get men to think as God wants them to think, we would soon see a great change in this country. Men would no longer be seen reeling on the street, God's name would not be taken in vain, Sabbath desecration would be at an end, while morality and virtue would clasp hands with each other and move out in society to save the world. Thousands of

miserable, dark, unhappy homes would be turned into sunshine and joy, while our almshouses, jails and penitentiaries would soon all stand as so many monuments of the vices of an age gone by. O, that God might help us to think !

Do you see those children playing out in that lot? The mother steps to the fence to see if they are in danger. They are only engaged in playing an innocent game of blindfold. But the mother trembles as she cries out to her ten year old child: "Mary, for God's sake, don't you take another step!" Right within four feet of the blindfolded child there was an open well containing ten feet of water. The mother said, in trembling tones: "Children, what do you mean? Do you not see this open well? One more step and my child would have been gone forever." "Well," said her daughter, Mary, in innocent tones, "mother, we didn't think of the danger," which was the truth in the case. But some of you sinners are saying here tonight, those children were rather short-sighted. It may be true, but how about your own case?



The devil has, for 6,000 years, been blindfolding mankind, and is still at it, and I will venture the assertion that there is some fellow right here in this house to-night that is having a game of blindfold with the devil, and if you are not very careful, brother, the devil will get the game. I step down from this pulpit, I hold up before you the Word of God, and read to you that in order for a man to be saved he must be converted. But the devil comes along and blindfolds your eyes, and says: "Don't you believe that." I read again that the wicked shall be cast into a lake of fire. The devil whispers and says: "Don't let that preacher make you believe that; there is not one particle of danger." Now, my friends, that is the way the devil plays blindfold with men. I tell you, sir, the open pit is right before you, and there is no curbing around it either, and if you allow the devil to continue blindfolding your eyes, you'll tumble in, sooner or later. You remember that God said to the inhabitants of the Old World: "My spirit shall not always strive with man."

He called upon Noah to go forth and invite men to saving mercy. Noah obeyed the

voice, and for more than a hundred years he plead with mankind to accept the way. During all this time the devil was hard at work blindfolding the eyes of men. He urged men to believe that there would not be any storm, and he kept on urging them until he had the whole world, save eight persons, playing blindfold. But God's word was still ringing in their ears—the danger is coming; and sure enough the storm began. It raged on and on; the oceans broke over their banks, the water poured from above, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, until the last sinner cursed God and sank down. Then the devil smiled and said: "I got them all, but eight."

And now, my friends, he is still engaged in the same old trick. I read from the Word of God that some day this world is to be destroyed; that as it was in the days of Noah, so it shall be in the days of the coming of the Son of Man. But the devil whispers in your ear and says: "Don't you believe it." My unconverted friend, you had better believe it. Some of you are very close to the burning lake; one more step and you may be lost for-

ever. Oh ! will you not to-night, for the sake of your own best interests, for the sake of Christ, who died to save you, and for the sake of your own soul's salvation, come to Jesus? Every day that you put this matter off you are that much harder to reach and that much further from God.

Near the top of one of the highest summits of the Rocky Mountains, more than ten thousand feet above the sea, are two fountains where two streams issue forth. One goes eastward, around the hills and across the plains, receiving fresh impulse from a hundred other streams, and finally through the Gulf into the Ocean. The other goes westward to the Pacific coast, and there, amidst the crested waves of the roaring sea, finds a home that's never still. When these two streams started they were close together ; you could have cast a stone from one to the other ; just a little effort would have started them in the same direction ; but now, to go from the terminus of one to the terminus of the other, you must travel 5,000 miles.

Methinks I see two boys start out, one seeking the Tarsus of pleasure, the other the

Nineveh of duty. Fifteen years pass away, when I see the former one looking from the prison cell, the other standing in the sanctuary of God, and with His Word before him he reasons of righteousness, and of temperance, and of judgment to come, with such power as to cause many to turn and seek the way of life. Morally speaking, they are 5,000 miles apart. A word of encouragement at the right time, a warm grip of the hand, might have started them both in the right direction. O, that God might help us to-day to think as we ought to think—do as we ought to do, and then most assuredly we can bring these young people to Christ.

Some years ago, when D. L. Moody was at Liverpool, a poor, broken-hearted mother came to speak to him concerning her boy. She said he was 19 years of age, was a reckless boy, and had strayed from home; said she was afraid she would never see him again. She had his photograph, which she gave to him, and said: “It may be, sometime, as you stand before large assemblies, you may see him. If you do, tell him to come back; urge him to come back to his sorrowing

mother.” She wrote his full name on the back of the picture. Mr. Moody often spoke of the case to his congregations, and many times called out his name, but never found the boy. Now, young men, this boy was seeking pleasure, seeking it independent of God’s will, seeking it at the cost of his mother’s tears. We do not know where he is to-night. He may be in the prison, he may be in eternity. I do not know. But I am here to-night, and by the authority of Almighty God I offer you a salvation that will make you love your home, love your parents, love God’s own Son, who died to save you, and will give you a home at last in that land that is fairer than day.

Some months ago as a train was dashing across the country, the conductor rang the bell, the engineer whistled down brakes, the train was brought to a standstill, drops of blood spattered the car window, the passengers hurried out; a moment later it was reported that a tramp had been killed; men moved back into the cars, some telling jokes, others lighting their cigars, and said, in light tones: “Nothing serious; just killed a tramp,

that's all." But come with me, if you will, and I will take you to a nice country home, where five years before, a kind mother, who loved her boy, followed him to the gate, placed her arms gently around his neck, kissed him good bye, and said: "Son, be a good boy, keep yourself in good company, and try to be a man." She watched him until he was well nigh out of sight, when she walked slowly back to her room again, wondering what the future of her boy would be. He soon fell into bad company, visited the saloons; spent whole nights in gambling rooms, became very much dissipated, turned out a tramp, and was killed. The world exclaims: "Nothing serious; just a tramp!" But that poor mother walks the floor at the midnight hour, bathes her face in tears which are wrung from her very heart, and exclaims: "Oh, my son, my son! How can I give him up?" We have in this another example of a young man seeking worldly pleasure.

But permit me to mention one other point concerning the case of Jonah. He never reached his place of destination. He was overtaken in a great storm, and only saved



through the providence of God. And I am here to tell you to-night that the storm is still raging, and every man who is traveling a road contrary to the one God has laid down for him to travel on, he may expect to be overtaken in the storm; the clouds are gathering in the west, the heavens are growing black, the vivid flashes of lightning may soon be seen, while the lonesome moan of the thunder comes moving across our land like the roaring of many waters or the rumbling of many chariots; closer and closer the storm is coming, until all who forsake God shall fall beneath His power.

Look at the unsaved souls around us! My brother, what is going to become of them? Where are they all going? I cannot tell where in this life. But one thing I know, they are all journeying to the judgment bar of God, and as sure as there is a God in heaven they must every one accept Christ as their Savior, or be lost forever. And if the words of our Savior are true, one soul is of more value than all the world. For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?



If all nature could grow vocal, she could not utter a word of sorrow sad enough to express the awful thought of a soul being lost. God help us, as a church, to get in earnest about the unsaved around us. They are here to-night, without one glimmering ray of hope beyond the tomb, while just across the way the angel of death is coming, coming with a rapidity beyond our power to describe, hurrying into eternity 38,000,000 of souls every year, to stand before the God of justice, who can only say: "No man who has lived without Christ can enter into the kingdom of God."

Do you see that young man going down the Niagara river? What a pleasant trip he seems to be having; how he seems to enjoy the ride. His parents and many friends are looking from the shore, some one remarks the young man is in danger. "O, no!" says another, "I have gone further down than that." A moment later the father speaks, and says: "Son, you are in danger." But he waves his hand, and smiles at his father, and glides noiselessly on. A few seconds more and he strikes the dead line; the boat

is seized by the current and shot like an arrow down towards the falls. He seizes a projecting rock, and cries for help. Hundreds of people are on the banks of the river anxious to save him, but none can reach him. Hour after hour passes away ; he clings to a cleft in the rock until his strength gives way ; then, with one look toward his friends, he utters a shriek of despair and is hurried over the falls into eternity. And who knows but there are those in this house to-night whose condition is equally as critical? You have resisted the words of warning from your parents, the words of the minister have proved in vain. You are still in your sins, and every day is bringing you nearer the gulf of despair. You will soon be on your dying bed, and perhaps will send for the minister, but, like the young man who is clinging to the rock, help will not be within your reach. The minister arrives too late. The family gathers around the bed ; a moment of breathless stillness prevails, when the dying man whispers : “The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and my soul is not saved.” Poor man. He was like the prophet on the road to pleasure, but defeated

in his plans. O, I would to God that I might say some word to move the hearts of the unsaved to Jesus. It was God who was calling Jonah to arise, and God is calling you to-night. He is calling by the voice of the ministry, calling through the press, calling through the church, calling by the voice of His own dear Son, calling by His Spirit. Will you not hear the call and obey the voice just now? In the name of God, the Father, and in the name of Jesus Christ, His Son, in the name of the angels in glory, and for the sake of Christ, who died to save you, I urge you to yield this moment to the call of God.

Let us stand and sing: "Why do you wait, dear brother?"

## SERMON X.

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A CONTINUATION OF SERMON IX.

*Subject:—“On the Road to Pleasure.”*

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**Y**OU may wonder why I come before you again to-night with another message for the young. Some of you are doubtless saying in your hearts: “Why don’t the preacher change off for a few nights? Then if he wants to preach a second sermon to young people, all right, but we like variety.” All very true, but should I decline preaching to the young to-night it might be the last opportunity I would ever have, and should an opportunity be given I might not be in the proper spirit to do so. But that is not all.

I feel impressed that God is now urging me to draw the Gospel bow and fire the arrow of sacred truth to the hearts of the young. I never was in better condition in all my life

to warn you of your danger and to press the mighty truths of a once dead, but now resurrected Savior upon the hearts of the young than I am at this moment, and if you people here, at Edwardsville, ever expect to see this sermon in print, you had better meet the short-hand reporter in the morning and help him to remember; for I see he is working with all his might, and I have not the faintest idea that he will be able to follow me to-night, for I do talk fast, when I am so powerfully in earnest as I am at the present time.

You see I am only a young man myself, hence I am familiar with the trials and temptations of young men, but I can lay my hand upon my heart, and thank God this very moment that I was never led astray into profanity, intemperance and gambling, like thousands of others have been, and like some of my most intimate associates. Young people forget that they are forming their habits while they are young. They seem to think that it does'nt matter much what kind of habits they form, as they can easily change them when they get older. But I am here to tell you to-night that the habits you are now forming

will go with you all through life. Early impressions are lasting.

In conversation with a man a few days ago, who is sixty (60) years of age, he said: "That the impressions that were clinging the closest to him to-day, are those of early life." And John B. Gough once remarked, with all the power his great soul was capable of, that he would give his right arm, if he could forget the evil impressions that were made upon his mind in childhood. And you have doubtless seen the old man reeling on the street. He started out a young man, one day, on the road to pleasure, expecting to sow a few wild oats, after which time he would change his habits and form better ones. But all in vain. Habits once formed will fasten to you as the serpent coils around the branch of a tree. The old have their habits formed, and no power of man, and very seldom the power of God, will ever change them.

So I desire to urge you, every one, to make up your mind to form such habits as will help you in living the most useful life. Never allow yourself for one moment to form habits detrimental to your best spiritual interests,

thinking some day to be able to shake off those habits and form better ones. The chances are greatly against you. There is said to be only about one person in a thousand converted above the age of 30 years; one in two thousand above the age of 40. I tell you when the devil leads a man thirty or forty years, he will most likely lead him the remainder of his days.

You have noticed advertisements, where great inducements have been offered to secure patronage; but some of you have said, it is too risky, only stand one chance out of a hundred to get the prize. But look here! God is offering you the wealth of heaven. It is no drawing establishment either. It is based on that which is absolutely certain. There is no risk whatever. You may this moment accept the word of life, and become an heir of heaven's wealth. But don't you know, while this is true, that millions upon millions have put this matter off, until they only have one chance in two thousand to gain the prize. I call that a pretty slim chance.

Let us form a line. Here it is. Two thousand strong. Every man forty years of age.



What is the prospect for heaven? Well, supposing that you average up with other men, there is a chance for one out of the whole two thousand to be saved. "Oh!" but says one, "can they not all be saved?" Yes, but statistics go to show that they will not. When men reach that age they seldom turn around, form new habits, and start over; hence I want to say to every young person under the hearing of my voice, that if you are not saved, and influenced to cultivate religious principles while you are young, the chances are against you. May God give you the courage to decide for Christ and His cause, while the possibilities of life are before you!

There are so many roads of apparent pleasure for the young men of to-day that, even though they do escape one, they are so liable to enter another.

The first road I notice that is so much against any young man, is the road of *profanity*. I hope, if there are those here who are traveling on this road, that you will not be offended at me for telling you that you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I pity the young man who has formed such a habit. He

is miserable to himself, as well as to those around him.

A certain minister with whom I am acquainted once used an illustration something like this: The devil catches men like we catch fish. When he wants to catch a thief, he baits his hook with a silver dollar; of course the thief cannot resist the temptation, so he bites and gets the dollar. He has done wrong, to be sure, but feels to a certain extent compensated. When the devil wants to catch a drunkard, he hangs on a bottle of liquor, and, of course, the drunkard bites. But when he wants a man to swear, what do you suppose he baits his hook with? He baits it on nothing, and there are some men just foolish enough to bite anyhow.

The point is simply this—there is no profit whatever for any man to gain by profanity. Did you ever hear a man say: “I love that young man because he can swear?” No, sir; I know you never did. Let two young men of like capabilities enter a store to look after a position. You may accompany them, introduce them to the proprietor, tell him they are equally competent for the work, have habits

alike, except one of the young men uses profanity, while the other does not. Who do you think he would employ? You all well know, even though the proprietor be a profane man himself, he will make choice of him who thinks too much of himself to profane against God.

There is not a profession known to the world where a man can secure better wages on the account of his ability to curse God. And I regard it as a burning disgrace to any young man to allow these oaths of shame and sin to fall from his lips.

I once heard of a man who erected a large building. He had one small room under the northeast corner, which he called the "cuss-room." The landlord politely accompanied each guest to this little room and said, this is the room in which I expect all the guests of the hotel to do their swearing. Whenever you feel the swear coming on, you hurry to this room, and remain to yourself until you get through cussing. I can't afford to have men profaning in the presence of my family and guests of the hotel, who very much dislike such language. The result was most encour-

aging. Occasionally a man would let slip a profane word, when the proprietor would gently lead or appoint him to the proper room. About one trip would do a man. He would get so utterly ashamed of himself that he would often forget what it was he wanted to swear about, and then and there all alone would form a resolution never to be heard profaning again.

The story may be true and it may be false, but there is one thing that is absolutely certain : Men do swear, and it is a dreadful habit. It will lower any man in the estimation of good people. Besides, you all will know that it never can profit you a penny in this life, and the words will stare you in the face as you are sinking down in death : “Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain.”

Then, again, I will introduce another class of young men who are on the road of unbelief and fanaticism. They like to speak evil of the Word of God,—they sit around on the street corners, and talk about the inconsistencies of the Bible. They say, the story of Jesus may do for simple-minded people, but as for them they have a mind of their own. Yes,

they do, and I am thankful to God that such is the case, for I should feel very sad if they were in possession of my mind. I am sincerely glad that they are in possession of their own mind; but I am wondering if they have any idea, when they have their own mind, how near nothing they have.

You have heard the wise young man entertain a certain class of people by ridiculing the Word of God, and scorning at the birth of Christ, frequently declaring that he did not believe in the incarnation of Jesus. Yes, that is what he says. Then he goes to his room to write a letter. The first thing he does is to date the letter, A. D. 1889. What does that mean? It means 1889 years after the birth of Christ. There it is, in his own handwriting. You see he commemorates the birth of Christ, then goes right down town, and tells those on the street corner that he don't believe there ever was a Christ.

Now, sir, there are one or two things clear to my mind—the young man really don't know what it signifies to date his letter, or, on the other hand, he is not true in his belief. I would feel very much ashamed to

commemorate, day after day, with pen and ink, the nativity of one whom I claimed never lived. It does not look well, to say the least. You may take up the daily and weekly papers that are published throughout the land, and, no matter what the belief of the publisher may be, he commemorates the nativity of Jesus Christ. Go to any library in the world, take down the different books, and you will find that every author commemorates the birth of Jesus. I hold in my hand a silver dollar, and here, under the wings of the eagle, I find the government stamp of the year coined A. D. It is a recognized fact that Jesus Christ made His advent into the world, and it is the only event in the world's history sufficient to change the reckoning of time, and if I were one of those fanatical young men, when I sit down to write my mother a letter, I would date it so many years after Tom. Paine, David Hume, or some other notorious infidel. Yes, I would ; I would practice what I preach.

And let me say to any and all young men who are seeking pleasure on this road, that you are on the wrong road. Take advice from one who loves you, and don't, I pray



you, throw insult in the face of one who redeemed you at the cost of His own precious blood.

Another dangerous road I would mention is that road that leads young people to the reading of bad literature. Such papers and books as have a tendency to lead you downward, rather than upward, ought to be shunned by you as you would shun the most poisonous serpent. I believe with all my heart that there are books and papers scattered abroad over this land that ought to be in the fire, and the writers of the same in the penitentiary.

I can make some allowance for a man who is a sinner, if he will only let other people alone, and not try to drag them down on a level with himself. But when I see a man, whom God has given a talent calculated to do so much good, which may fit him to prove a great blessing to society, that he will turn right around and use that talent to write and scatter literature which is calculated to injure the character and blight the soul of the boys and girls whose future is so precious. I have no use for the man whose publications sneer



at doing right, who will place the world above the church, dishonor above honor, vice above virtue ; and the young man or woman who lowers their standard of piety enough to read such books, will most assuredly read them to their sorrow.

I once heard a minister, in whom I place great confidence, say, that he was personally acquainted with a certain family, consisting of father, mother and daughter. The parents were religious and in good circumstances. They were much concerned for the futurity of their daughter, and were anxious that she might receive a thorough education. She was a bright, promising girl, and was generally found at the head of her class. But, to the surprise of her parents, she began to lose interest in her school books, and later declined to go to school at all. She seemed to lose all interest in her home, and apparently had little love for her parents. At different times the mother conversed with her daughter, and told her that she did not act any more like her own cheerful child. If your father or myself have in any way hurt your feelings, treated you harshly, it has not been intentionally. You

are our only child. The home belongs to you. We want you to enjoy home, attend school and be useful. A few mornings later the mother announced breakfast ; her daughter did not answer the call. She entered the room ; the window was up, and her daughter gone. At the head of her bed, concealed beneath the feather-bed, were seven or eight books. The parents examined them, and, to their surprise, they were not fit to be read by the most wicked man, much less by a young innocent girl. How she came in possession of the books was a mystery, but some one had doubtless placed them in her hands. The problem was solved : Bad books had done the work !

They never heard a word concerning the whereabouts of their daughter for nearly two years. One day the father noticed, in the daily paper, the name of one who had died at a hospital in an eastern city, giving the same name and age of his daughter. He despatched to them to keep the body, took the train, and was soon there ; and, sure enough, it was his own dear girl. The body was brought home. A few friends gathered and paid the last re-

spect to one who was once fair, pure and happy in the pursuits of life, but, through the influence of bad books, had gone down, step by step, until she wandered from home, only to reach a premature grave. Her case may well represent the case of thousands of others.

Think of the boys and girls of to-day who are reading dime-novels and all such books, which give, in detail, the awful crimes and daring deeds of the outlaw, placing their names before the public as though they were greater or better than the boys who work in the shops or on the farm.

How often young boys read of such characters—how they laid their plans, succeeded in making their escape with large sums of money, and some boys form a resolution then and there to be a Jesse James, or some one who is like him. Such impressions get hold upon a boy, and they cling to him like a leech. I was very much impressed along this line some months ago, in conversing with certain parents concerning their boy. They said he was twelve (12) years of age, bright and shrewd, but for a year had been giving them trouble. They had coaxed and pun-

ished, and prevailed on the boy to attend school. The father would accompany him to the school-room door, tell the teacher to keep him until he called for him at noon; but he would steal away in spite of everything, and but the day before he was found in the hardware store, wanting to borrow a revolver just for a little while, that he might have his picture taken with his weapon strapped around him. He said he could hardly wait for the hour to come that he might be a Jesse James. In his pocket was found a dime-novel, with a picture of some notorious outlaw with knife and revolver hanging by his side. Now, here was a boy craving that kind of a life and that class of reading, which is calculated to lead him to prison and perhaps to the gallows.

This may be an exceptional case, but it is certainly an awful sin in the sight of God for boys and girls to spend their golden hours in trying to learn more and more of characters and events, which, when learned, have a tendency to lead you downward. I plead for the boys and girls who are here to-night. I know you are competent to do much good in the world. God help you to read such books

and papers as will make you better in this life and brighten your prospects for the life to come.

Another road of apparent pleasure I would not overlook. That is the road to the *dram-shops*. Think of the millions who have made choice of this way, only to die in disgrace and shame. I am willing to stand right here in my tracks and plead until to-morrow morning, if by so doing I can save the young men of this town from the dram-shop. I have seen so much of rum's fatal work that it pains my heart to see the young man enter the saloon. Some of the most promising young men of my acquaintance have, unfortunately, made choice of this way, only to be ruined.

There is said to be, near Salt Lake City, a place called the "Valley of Death." From the absence of oxygen in the atmosphere nothing can live. A sign is placed above the entrance: "Valley of Death! Enter Not!" By peering a way in you can see, by the help of the lights, the skeletons of men, bones of shapeless victims, that have entered unconscious of their danger, and I have sometimes thought there ought to be placed a similar sign

over the entrance to the saloon, for there are thousands upon thousands of skeletons in the cemeteries of our land that have entered these dreadful places, unconscious of their danger. Life, health and soul are all sacrificed in these vile places. We may plead from the pulpit, from Christian homes ; we may hear the wail of the mothers whose hearts have been crushed with burdens too heavy to bear, and right in the face of all this the saloon doors are standing wide open, and day by day are doing their fatal work.

Only a few weeks ago a gentleman in an eastern city took his stand, on Sunday evening, in plain view of a prominent saloon. In just thirty minutes, by his own watch, seventy-six persons entered the saloon, sixty-six of them were young men. Behold the picture ! Sixty-six young men in a single Sunday evening, in thirty minutes, starting out to be drunkards, make wrecks of themselves, and perhaps to lose their own souls. But it does not stop here. It is said that, on an average, there are only twenty-five young men out of every hundred who attend church, one in twenty (20) who belong to church. Who



can read such statements without trembling for the young men of to-day? Admit the statement to be true that there is one in twenty who belongs to a church, then suppose them to be faithful and true to their profession, then we have five young men for Christ and ninety-five for the devil, or nine hundred and fifty whose influence is against the cause of Christ, and fifty who are using their influence in the right direction.

When I read such statements, I think of a remark made by Napoleon. When the armies were pressing in upon him from all directions, he cried out: "My God, where have we drifted to?" So I feel to ask God to-day to show the unsaved men of this country where they are drifting to.

Do you see that father and mother, as they visit the jail to bid their son good-bye, who is soon to swing from the scaffold? The mother clasps his hand tight in hers; the father bids him, alas, farewell. The son remarks: "If it had not been for rum I would not be where I am to-day." And as the heavy-hearted parents move slowly away, I hear them say: "O, if it were not for rum!" And me-



thinks I hear a thousand mothers, whose wayward boys have started out in life on the road to pleasure by the dram-shop, saying: "O, if it were not for rum!" The voice comes from the rich and poor, learned and unlearned: "O, if it were not for rum!" It comes from the penitentiary and the jail, from the cottage and the mansion: "O, if it were not for rum!" It is the voice of thousands of poor distressed wives and millions of suffering children, and methinks to-day there is a voice coming from the graves of the millions who have fallen by the power of drink: "Beware of the sparkling glass!"

And now, young men, as one who loves to see you move forward in the right sphere in life and accomplish something for God and man, I urge you to beware of the sparkling glass. For the sake of humanity, for the sake of home, for the sake of mother, for the sake of all you hold near and dear in this life, and for the sake of Christ, who died to save you, I entreat you to take warning, and remember that the words shine forth on the pages of Revelation: "No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God."

But I would not overlook one other road. There are many young people who, to-day, are seeking pleasure by disobeying father and mother. Some of you are here to-night. Pardon me for the assertion if you are not, for I tell you we seldom find such a congregation as this where there are not some who trample beneath their feet the words of father or mother. I look over this congregation to-night, and see this crowded church. Look at the young men standing around the wall. I behold the gallery crowded to its utmost capacity. Look at these aisles packed and jammed, and I think I am safe in saying, one-half of the entire congregation is made up of young people, and I doubt not but I address some who are not true to their parents, and if so, I want to tell you that the day will come when your soul will be stirred within you, as you think of the tears you have wrung from your mother's eyes by your disobedience to her.

I remember well, when I was but a boy, of reading in some of the school books of a little girl who had missed her place in the class and went home impatient. Her mother was

sick and asked for a drink of water, to which the little girl replied in unpleasant tones, why do you always call on me to wait on you. The mother replied, will not my little girl bring a glass of water to her poor sick mother? She brought the water, but did not do it kindly. When bed-time came she went to bed, but could not sleep. She determined to get up, go to her mother and ask forgiveness, but was informed by the nurse that her mother was sleeping, and must not be interrupted. She stole back to her bed, resolved to rise early in the morning and seek forgiveness of her mother. But when she awoke the next morning the sun was shining brightly through the window, she quickly dressed and hastened to see her mother, but she was cold in death, and with a broken heart the little girl exclaimed: "Oh! that I had brought that glass of water to mother kindly." She grew to womanhood, frequently visited her mother's grave, but that one thought followed her all along, and she exclaimed, time and again: "I would give the whole world, were it mine, could I call back and make right that one evening."

One year ago I visited my old home, where six years previous I bade good-bye to my parents and entered the ministry. These six years have made a marked change in my parents. I could see more clearly the wrinkles of age, the hairs of gray. I said good-bye, walked out at the front door, down the steps, and was soon hurrying to the train. I said to myself, father and mother are getting old ; I can clearly see that my mother is failing fast, but I have this thought of consolation : I never intentionally caused my mother to shed a tear. I do not know how much value you place on this, but it is worth everything to me ; and as I stand before the boys and girls of this congregation, I beg of you to be true to your parents, and remember, it was God who said : “Honor thy father and thy mother.”

Then, last of all, I will speak briefly of one other road, which I will call *procrastination*. Every young man here to-night expects, some day, to become religious, but you are saying, there is time enough yet. How do you know there is time enough yet? Where do you get your information? Is it according to the Word of God? Not by any

means. The words of the great apostle are these: "Now is the day of salvation." And the words of our Savior are: "Be ye also ready." This idea that so many have that there is time enough yet originates with the devil. All cunning men have their favorite points. They may fail with many, but will drop back at once to their favorite. Here is one I can count on. So if the devil fails to capture the young man by profanity, strong drink, disrespect to parents, he will catch him on this point; he will say to the young man: "There is time enough yet." It was said of Beelzebub, the prince of devils, that he called a conference to take certain steps against the cause of Christ. The question was asked: "What is the best possible way to get men to refuse to be religious?" "Well," says one, "let us send out men to tell the people that the Bible is not true." "Oh!" says the prince, "that will be a failure. The Word of God is established, and men are bound to believe it." "Well," says another, "let us send forth men to tell the world that there is no such a thing as an experimental knowledge of Christ." To this the prince replied: "It

will be no use, for there are thousands upon thousands that will stand up and testify to a change of heart." "Well," said the third one, "I'll tell you how we will work this matter. We will go out and advocate Bible doctrine; we will say to the world that God's Word is true, that Jesus Christ did walk among men, that he was put to death, and resurrected from the dead, that there is a reward for the righteous, and that we must all repent of our sins; then we will say unto the world, while these things are all true, yet you need not hurry yourself, there is time enough yet." Then the prince of devils cried out: "That's the plan!" And the news resounded through the regions of darkness, among the evil spirits: "There is time enough yet."

My friends, there are numbers beyond description in the regions of darkness at this hour, who at one time in life accepted the theory that there is time enough yet.

It was on a summer evening; a man was walking down the railroad; he noticed a man sitting on the track, apparently in a sleepy condition. He said: "Stranger, you had better wake up, it is only about thirty min-



utes until the fast train is due.” To which the other replied: “There is time enough yet.” The man passed on; thirty minutes later the fast train went dashing by, leaving the lifeless body of the man who was sitting on the track mangled and strewn along the way. Now the question arises: What was he doing there? The answer is: Sitting down. What for? To die; yes, sitting still to die.

Oh, how many young men to-day are sitting still to die, while the great train of eternal death is coming, coming at the rate of a mile a minute; the brakes are off; I hear the bridges creak; I see the black breath of the engine, while the cinders are flying in the air; another moment; she comes dashing around the curve, and some young man is hurried into eternity.

Think of it! While God is calling, Jesus pleading, and the Holy Ghost inviting, the train of eternal death is coming, and man sitting still to die. Do you get the thought? Sitting still to die!

You remember when the prophet, Jonah, was straying from God, that in the very midst of the storm, while the wind was blowing, the



sea dashing with anger, the vessel leaping and plunging, they called aloud for Jonah, and lo, and behold, he was fast asleep! Isn't it strange that men can sleep in the midst of such danger? Is it not strange to-day that men all around us can retire at night, fold their arms and fall asleep, when they know, should they die before the dawn of morning, if God's Word is true, they will fall into the gulf of despair, never more to rise? O, God, are there any here sitting still to die, or fast asleep, while the storm is coming?

Another moment and I will close. I am afraid I am talking too long, but, as I said, I am awfully in earnest. Some years ago, at the close of a revival service, a poor widowed mother said to the preacher: "Pray for my son; he is twenty-four years of age, my only support." The minister at that moment took the young man by the hand, urged him to give himself to God. He thanked the minister for his kindness, but said there is time enough yet. The next day the minister noticed six men carrying the body of the seventh one past his door. He hastened out, followed them across the street, where the body

was laid. The minister recognized him as being the same young man who said, on the previous night: "There is time enough yet." He looked wishfully into the preacher's face, as if he wanted to speak. The minister knelt by his side, put his ear close to the young man's lips, and he said, in a whisper: "I wish I were a Christian." These are the last words he ever spoke, and to-night he is in eternity. No voice of the minister, no prayer of his mother, can reach him. He is gone, gone forever. May God save the young people of this country. And now, while we arise and sing: "Jesus saves, Jesus saves," come, I pray you, to the altar of prayer, that Jesus may save to-night.

## SERMON XI.

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TEXT.—“Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law.”—Gal. iii, 13.

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**T**HE apostle, in writing this letter to the Galatians, reminds them that they are no longer bound to the letter of the law for salvation, for eternal life is given through Jesus Christ. He adds to this statement these words: “If there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law,” *i. e.*, if the law had have been sufficient for man’s redemption, then salvation could be found in the law, and not in Christ. The Scripture hath included all under sin, that the promise by faith in Christ might be given to them that believe.

Notwithstanding the fact the world still had the law, yet the apostle holds up Christ as the

only way of life. He represents the Word of God holding us to a living faith in Christ Jesus. Hence we notice, in the first place, that man stood in need of redemption, and he could not be redeemed without a Redeemer, and that Jesus Christ is that Redeemer. We have only to point to the Word of God to prove that man needed to be redeemed. The history of the human race show beyond all contradiction that man stood in need of redemption. Sin rolled its poisonous current through the veins of the human race. Man everywhere is a picture of ruin, so much so that one of the inspired writers declares that we are a diseased race, from the crown of our head to the soles of our feet, all of which goes to show that some great event has taken place through which the human family have become sinners in the sight of God. Man is a wreck, and while in his natural state before God is out of harmony with Christ. We all, like sheep, have gone astray; the whole world lieth in wickedness. There is none that doeth good, no, not one.

Take the human family at large, they do not grow up into spiritual enjoyment. It is

natural for our children to learn the very things not best for them to know. We come forth under the threatenings of a broken law. God's great law to control the hearts of man has been broken, and we are reckoned, says Paul, as sinners. This is not only made clear to men like Paul, but to every man. The unregenerate man knows he is not prepared for the future, hence we preach, pray and prevail on men who are lost to come, not to a broken law, but to the Lord Jesus Christ, remembering that it is Christ who hath redeemed us. Yes, we are all sinners, and God has seen proper to give us the law of conscience, by which we are enabled to know that we are not right with God.

If you should come to my house at the midnight hour and take ten dollars from my pocket, it would not be necessary for me or any one else to inform you that you had done wrong. You would be the first man to find it out. Such was the case with Adam. He may plead innocence if he chooses so to do, but the truth of the matter is that something told him he had done wrong, or he certainly would not have hid from God. God had

placed him under His law of obedience. He violated that law, and became dead to God. We have all descended from sinful parents, hence we are a diseased and a dying race, and before we can in any possible way be saved, we must become alive, not to the law, but to Christ.

Hence we see the need of redemption. God does his work with a fixed purpose in view. It was the fall of man that called for a restorer. If man was not in a lost condition, God never would have devised a plan to save him. If man is not naturally a poor, polluted, unsaved soul, why does God demand his soul purified by the blood of Christ? In other words, if he is not a sinner, why does Jesus himself declare: "Without the new birth it is impossible to see God."

Yes, man needs to be redeemed, and with this awful picture of desolation and sorrow before the eyes of God, he at once enters into the work of restoring man. I said that man stood in need of redemption. I also said that man could not be redeemed without a Redeemer. Man has no power to redeem himself. All the men in the world cannot redeem



one soul from the curse of a broken law. There have been great men in the world—men of war, men of science, men of philosophy, great generals, great captains, mighty leaders in war they were. We often take up the history and read of the lives of these great men. Yes, they were great men, many of them most noble men. Their noble deeds will stand for centuries to come, but we never had a man yet who was able to redeem one soul from the curse of a broken law. Man could not even devise a plan, much less put it into execution. Angels could not do it. God's great law to control the heart was no longer sufficient, because it was broken, hence it must originate in God. He who has suffered the effect of a broken law must now in the tenderness of his great heart bring about some other way, or the race is left without hope.

Then begins the mysterious work of redeeming the world. O! what a wonderful work it was. I look out upon the world and see what God has brought into existence: the earth is carpeted with living green, the hills are covered with moss, the mountains lift

their rocky tops high in the morning sun. The blue canopy above is studded with globes of sacred light. The sun is suspended like a ball in the air, throwing its rays of light from heaven to earth at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. The moon reaching down with strong arms to move the waters of the mighty deep. I look above me and behold that long trail of light, known as the milky way, which in reality is a belt of worlds, while some of our modern astronomers have calculated that ere the light of some of these planets reach the earth, it must have traveled many centuries. Then we remember it has all been the work of God. Then the mysterious work of creation, and the overwhelming greatness of God manifests itself to us, and the thoughtful man will say: How wonderful are the works of creation! And so they are. And I want to ask you if you know of any work that will compare with the work of creation. Well, as for myself, I believe the work of redemption to be equally as great and fully as mysterious as the work of creation. Here was a world all broken, bruised and mangled by the fall. A broken law hanging over a broken

world. The soul of man is that part that links him to God, but God's great law that is written on the heart of man had been severed; and that moment man was severed from God, left to himself as helpless as a child, with a stone about its neck and cast into the sea. Something must be done, some provision must be made, or man is left helpless and alone. It used to be customary a way out on the frontiers for men to take with them an ax, and every few rods they would hew off the bark of a tree, perhaps as large as my hand. They called this blazing out the way. Their object was, in making it possible to find their way back. But when man wandered away from God he went off in an awful hurry; he went a long way off, but failed to blaze out the way. There was no one left to follow up to look after the loss. For says the Word: "All we, like sheep, have gone estray."

Behold the picture! The human family away out in a far-off country, lost. They may try to console one another, but there is no consolation for a man when he realizes that he is lost, and knows there is no one left to find him. Then turn your eyes toward

heaven, and look by the eye of faith away up through glory's gate; look away on over the heads of patriarchs and prophets, still further on, beyond the angels of light. Still look on, until your eyes rest upon the throne—there is God, looking with intense interest away down to a lost world.

Behold the scene! Measure the distance! Look at the human family, then look toward God. Do you see how far they are apart? Who is able to blaze out the way? None but God. So He sends forth His Son to blaze out the way with His own precious blood. Jesus comes and takes His stand at Jerusalem, places Himself on the cross, the nails are driven through His hands and feet, the cross is lifted up, and there, in the midst of suffering that no tongue can describe, Jesus, by His own precious blood, blazes out the way. He cries to the Father: "It is finished," and the old world is redeemed.

Behold the picture! Jesus dying. With one hand linked to humanity and the other to the Father, He bridges over the chasm, and the world may well cry out: "Christ hath redeemed us!" But I remark, in the second

place, that this work of redemption was most wonderful, from the fact that Jesus must redeem this old world, make it new, yet, at the same time, he must not destroy the old. Do you get the idea?

I take my watch and throw it upon the stone pavement, and break it into pieces; don't leave a single portion of it whole. It is broken to that extent that it is ruined forever. I take it to the silversmith and request him to mend it. He looks at me astonished, and says, emphatically: "You will never find a man who can repair that watch." But he looks closely at the pile of ruins before him, and says: "I can see the number of the watch, also where it was manufactured; I can order you one made just like this one. But I said to the man: "That will not do. It would not really be the same watch. I don't care for the cost, only I want my own watch." He shakes his head, and adds: "I would like to accommodate you, but the work you want done is beyond my power." Well, that is a fair representation of the world. It was broken, mangled and bruised to that extent that there was nothing left to work on, and

in that condition Jesus must, in some way, gather together the ruins, so as to make it sustain the same relation to God as if it never had been broken.

There used to be, in an ancient city, a large picture hanging in the king's court-room. The painting had faded until at a little distance away it could not be seen. The picture, at one time, was worth thousands of dollars, but it had faded away until it was almost valueless. The king advertised for an artist. One came, and was informed by the king that he wanted the colors of the picture brought out again. To which the artist replied: "I cannot do that, but I can see about what the picture has been, and I can paint you one that will look almost exactly as this one looked when new." But the king replied: "That will not do. I want this same faded, ruined picture to be that beautiful picture that it once was." The artist walked away. Another soon arrived, another, and still another, with like results. Months passed away, when early one morning a stranger called for the king, informed him that he had heard of the work he wanted done, and that



he had come from a far-off country, feeling sure that he was competent for the work. He examined the picture carefully, and said: "I will undertake the work." He spent days in making preparation, arranging his material, stretching canvas to give the proper shade, then he began his work. Week after week passed away. The colors could be seen, as it were, coming to the front. Brighter and brighter they appeared, until the artist announced that on a certain day the work would be complete. The room was crowded with hundreds who were anxious to see the completed work. At the proper time the canvas was all removed, while the vast audience looked with joy at the magnificent work. The artist stood, with uplifted hands, pointing at the picture, which looked as full, fresh and complete as the day it fell from the first artist's hands, while the king arose and said: "Behold the finished work!"

In some such way Jesus came from a far-off country to bring back that which had faded away, and make it as valuable and beautiful as before. The work has been done. The King of Heaven threw around the world



the canvas of darkness for three long hours. When His Son said: "It is finished," God drew back the canvas, and methinks He pointed to the finished work, and said: "Behold the completed work of redemption!" Glory to His name! Christ hath redeemed us. It comes from land and sea—Christ hath redeemed us. It comes from the lips of rich and poor—Christ hath redeemed us. The news thunders from Calvary to the ends of the earth—Christ hath redeemed us. It comes from men on earth and angels in heaven—Christ hath redeemed us. The words sparkle on the page of Holy Writ—Christ hath redeemed us. But now, in my concluding remarks, let me ask you to be careful, to make no mistake concerning this work of redemption.

The minister's illustration was not a clear one. He pictured a man in a burning building, when a strong man ran, in all haste, threw his arms around him and carried him out. He redeemed him, in one sense, but he saved him also. While in Bible redemption Jesus redeems men without saving them.

A better illustration would be to place a

ladder to a window of the burning building and say to the man, walk out. The way is then provided for his escape, but his life depends on his obedience. I see a man chained to a stake; the prairie grass is all on fire; the flames are rapidly approaching him. I go in haste and cut the cord that binds him, and say to that man, walk away, you need not die. So while Christ redeemed the world from the curse of a broken law, he did not pay our debt in any way as to exempt us from repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. He simply made the necessary provision that man might not perish, but have everlasting life, and when, under the awakening influences of the Holy Spirit, we repent and believe the Gospel, then God, through the merits of Jesus, pronounces the word *pardon*, and the redeemed man is saved from the powers of darkness, through repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Christ hath redeemed us, yet there are thousands in the world redeemed by the blood of Jesus, who are lost, just as much unsaved as if they had never been redeemed, and it pains my heart as I go from place to place

and look into the faces of so many redeemed souls who are yet unsaved. Redeemed men everywhere, passing away one by one, to appear before the great tribunal throne of God, unprepared for the future. May God help me to emphasize these words to-day: "Christ hath redeemed us."

During the days of slavery there was sold in Richmond, Va., one day, an unusual number of slaves; a gentleman from the North passed along and looked with interest at the number soon to be sold. He noticed a bright little girl, perhaps 9 years of age; he said to himself, I will buy that girl if it takes the last dollar I have, and give her her liberty. She is a bright, innocent looking child, and I am determined to set her free. The time arrived, bid after bid was offered, until he made the bid which secured the child. He then said to the little girl, I have purchased you, and you are no longer a slave. You may go with whoever you choose. The little girl looked wishfully into his face. A bright smile flashed over her little brown face, when she said: "Please, sir, may I go with you?" My friends, Christ hath redeemed us. Who will you go with to-day?

A LECTURE  
ON THE  
MT. VERNON CYCLONE.

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**F**OR the past few weeks, thousands of people have been reading, with no little interest, the different statements made by newspaper reporters concerning the cyclone which swept over Mt. Vernon, Illinois, Sunday evening, February 1st, 1888. And doubtless you have said in your heart, if not from your lips: "It cannot have been so destructive to life and property as the newspaper men have made it appear."

You know newspaper men are accused, sometimes, of stating the whole case, and often a little more. So the majority of persons say they have told more than the whole truth in this case.

There are persons who think of editors and

reporters about as the old lady of whom I once heard. She said: "The Methodists were always overdoing everything."

It was a very dry time. Rain was much needed. The old lady was anxious to see it rain. She believed in the Scriptures. "The prayers of the righteous availeth much." She requested a certain minister, who happened to be a Methodist, to set apart one day, and urge his flock to engage with him in prayer to the Lord to send rain. The meeting was arranged, prayers were offered, and, on the following morning, the rain descended.

It rained, and rained, and kept on raining, until the old lady could no longer bear it, with patience. Then, in angry tones, she exclaimed: "This is about what one might expect of these noisy Methodists; they always overdo everything!"

But, in this case, if the papers have failed to give a correct statement, the failure is in under-estimating rather than exaggerating.

Having many friends in Mt. Vernon, and knowing of their once beautiful little city, I felt a great desire to visit the scene of destruction,

A few hours' ride by rail brought me to the scene of the disaster. The train was crowded with passengers, who were anxious to see as well as myself. Presently our train moved round a curve, while the engineer notified us, by the voice of his powerful engine, which he permitted to scream at full blast for an unusual length of time, that we were nearing the scene of desolation. A thousand people rise to their feet, every one seeming anxious to take the first look. This scene was repeated on the arrival of every train from any point of the compass.

When the trains come to a stand-still, the multitudes hastened to the scene as if a cyclone were again coming with all its fury; some running at the top of their speed; some half-way between a walk and a run; others as a ten-year-old boy would express it, in a dog-trot. With hat and budget in hand, away they go; and such a strain of conversation, I am sure, I never heard before in all my life. It was certainly similar to that of the confusion of tongues, for each one seemed to talk in a language peculiarly his own.

Off to the right I noticed a large tree,

which had been torn from the ground, tossed top downward, driving many of the branches deep into the earth, while a hundred groundless roots were reaching out in all directions, as if once more trying to find enlodgment in old mother earth, while just before us about fifty boys had blocked the way, while halting to view a freight car which had been lifted from the track by the storm and carried some fifty feet and left exactly topside down.

The boys soon hurry on, the way is once more clear, the multitude hurry anxiously on, some falling down, while others are just getting up. Many are saying: "Don't walk so fast," others crying aloud to their friends to hurry.

"Do you see that bed-tick on the broken limb of that tree?" said a man near by. "That is nothing," said another, "look at that buggy wrapped around that snag. Isn't that a sight?" I looked, and to my surprise saw that each of the four spindles were twisted off and left sticking in the hubs.

Think of the power that can pick up bars of steel, wrap them up like balls of twine, or



break them as you would break a match in your hand.

Just out to our left a short distance, could be seen a lady's hat and dress swinging from the broken branch of a tree, fifteen feet from the ground, while a small boy who is standing by his mother's side, takes one sober look, and then exclaims: "Mother, do you suppose that there were more than one woman up that tree when the storm came on?"

Well, I could see at once if I rushed on in company with such a mass of excited humanity, I would soon travel over the whole field, and then be like the great majority of them, not able to inform any one much about it.

Seeing the result of a cyclone is one thing, and being able to describe it is another.

So I resolved to stop, turn around, and leave the multitude and go off by myself, and wait for a more favorable time. I had read in the papers that this cyclone was one of the most destructive ever known; that large churches, school buildings, the whole business part of town, with five hundred family residences, had been demolished by the storm; that two or three hundred people were killed

or wounded, two thousand left without shelter.

Such statements made my heart ache, and I resolved to make a thorough investigation of the case. I went directly to the Methodist Episcopal parsonage, and found the family very much distressed, but thankful that their lives had been spared. It was not necessary to leave the parsonage to see the dreadful work of the storm, for right in the yard lay the old Methodist church, twisted from its foundation and thrown in one large, precipitous heap of ruins. The spire, which was more than one hundred feet in height, came down with a mighty crash across the kitchen of the parsonage, while the pastor's wife, sister Davis, came very near losing her life, being at that time in the kitchen. I said to the family: "How much warning had you of the coming storm?" The answer was: "Only a few seconds."

The pastor, Rev. W. F. Davis, said: "We heard a roaring, our daughter stepped to the window, and said: 'Father, I saw the church reel.' At that moment it came, with a mighty crash, to the ground. We rushed out

of the house. The storm was over, and the church lay in ruins to mark the place where, one moment previous, stood a magnificent building.”

I next secured the services of a friend who was well acquainted with the city and its surroundings. On our way we stopped several times to look at the half-wrecked buildings along the edge of the cyclone's track. We had but little time to spend outside of the main line, for I determined to go to the southwest part of the town, where the cyclone did its first work, and then follow its main track in a northeasterly direction through the city, and when we reached that point, and turned and took our first look, I must confess I never had such feelings. Any attempt to describe the impression made upon my mind would simply be a waste of time. And, indeed, the same may be truly said of the terrible devastation, for I know of no stretch of language or figure of speech whereby I am able to describe it.

It looked like some giant, who had the strength of ten thousand men, had come along, thrust in his sickle and mowed one swath,

four hundred yards wide and one mile in length, leaving the stately mansion as well as the lowly cottage leveled behind him, as the mower would leave the grass. I cannot give you a better idea of its appearance than to imagine yourself standing and looking over a town which had been destroyed by a storm and inundated by water.

You have seen the drift-wood in the river-bottom after a freshet, all covered with slime and sediment, which the water leaves behind. If you can imagine the walls of a city of four thousand inhabitants in one shapeless mass, covered as the drift-wood in the river-bottom, you will have a faint idea of the sight which met my gaze. It seemed like the storm, in some places, had actually picked up the earth an inch in depth, and sent it amidst the falling rain with lightning rapidity, completely submerging the town. You would think from the appearance of things, that all the buildings in the south part of town had been old, unpainted ones, for they were strewn along the way, and looked like each piece had been rolled over in filth and mud. Now and then a window frame, or part of a door,

escaped to that extent that we could see from the varnish that they had belonged to costly buildings. A stranger, without a guide to inform him, would have no idea of the amount of damage done. I stood and looked over a few acres of ground which was completely covered with broken planks, bricks and stone, lath and shingles, strips of carpet, parts of organs, wagon wheels, hundreds of trees lying broken and twisted across each other. I said to my friend, as I looked upon the awful picture, which reminded me of a heap of drift-wood: "There have been houses along here, for I can see, occasionally, some painted board, a piece of costly furniture, which tells me that one day buildings have stood on this field of ruins." "Oh!" said the astonished man, "there were no less than one hundred dwellings standing on this patch of ground that we now look over, covering but a few acres." And I declare to you the storm had so completely done its fatal work that not one-half the houses could be located. They were gone, foundation and all, while great trees and heaps of ruins covered the places where buildings had stood.

It so happened in this part of the town that most of the families had seen proper to leave the large trees stand in their yards, some having as high as twenty or thirty large trees, three or four feet in diameter. These were torn from the earth, stripped of their branches, broken in pieces, rolled up in heaps with ruined furniture and broken buildings, from ten to fifteen feet in height.

We passed on, keeping about the centre of the cyclone track, and O, such destruction I never saw. It looked like the storm-cloud, as it went bounding through the very heart of the city, leveling the fences, snatching houses from their foundations, and hurling them with indescribable force into other buildings, smashing and crushing them into kindling, and leaving the city in ruins, and hundreds crying for help. Just at this point, being a little wearied, we sat down for a few minutes to rest.

You will pardon me for adding anything novel in describing a picture so sad as this, but in order that you may understand, as far as possible, the work of the cyclone, I want to tell you all I know. I made up my mind

while sitting there to speak to the men passing by, and propound to them certain questions as to what they knew about the storm, that is, if there was any remarkable event they could relate. Well, I soon found out that some of them were prepared to tell me a great many things, some sad and some humorous.

One man said that a horse was tied to a manger pole in a certain barn. The barn was lifted up and carried away, while within about fifty yards from where the barn had stood the horse was found uninjured, and tied to the same pole.

Another said he could testify to the fact that a cow was found dead with the small end of a ham of meat driven in the centre of the brute's head. Just think of the rapidity of a storm that could hurl a ham of meat with such tremendous force. It must have flew faster than the fast train a young man once referred to. He said: "It was awful to think of the way they did run some of the trains nowadays. Why, only a short time ago I stepped on the steps of a fast train. Just as it was starting I turned to kiss my



wife good-bye, and kissed a cow nine miles from there.”

Another one said that he was somewhat amused, a moment or two after the storm, to see a middle-aged man coming around the corner—one shoe was off, his face besmeared with mud, no hat on, the left sleeve in his shirt missing from the elbow down, walking with all his might, making that big bare foot sound on the sidewalk very much like a large pan-cake turned on the griddle, and declaring: “If I live to get through this I’ll be a Christian.”

Another young man, who had been converted the night before, was heard to say: “O, I am so glad I was converted last night.” While one of his associates, who had refused, when invited, at the same time, to go the altar, was not far behind him, crying equally as loud: “O, how I wish I had been converted last night.”

Another informed me that a young man ran, with all his might, and crept under a freight car, where he was heard to offer the following prayer: “O, Lord, if there be any Lord, help me to believe in Jesus, if there is

a Jesus, and save my soul, if I have got any.”

Hence you can see that the cyclone did really make some a little serious concerning the future. I doubt not that it was the means of causing many to become Christians.

I remember of hearing of a certain minister, who was called to see a young man who had been bitten by a rattle-snake. The minister understood all about the surroundings, the entire family claim to be unbelievers, but in the face of death they are ready to have the minister offer prayer. He prayed in this wise: “O! Lord, we feel very grateful unto Thee, that we are living in a land where there are rattle-snakes, I thank Thee that a rattle-snake has bitten John, and now, Lord, we humbly beseech of Thee to send a rattle-snake to bite each member of the family, for we believe that nothing under heaven, save the bite of a rattle-snake will ever bring them to repentance.” So it may be that nothing short of a cyclone can bring some men to become anxious about their soul’s salvation. Well, after hearing of a number of events that were somewhat humerous, we moved on into the heart of the town.

The streets were full of material that had once been buildings of rare beauty and cost. The court-house, that had been built at a cost of \$64,000, looked as though it had been picked up about midway, lifted into the air, turned over, and then with a mighty crash came thundering down on the already shattered walls, while the business houses that formed the square looked as if they had been looking in from all directions, and when they saw the magnificent court-house fall they all let go and pitched forward into the streets. The smaller buildings seemed to fall in line and came trembling and crashing to the ground, and there in a mighty mass of ruins lay the business portion of the city.

I assure you it would not have looked more like chaos had the entire city been lifted from the ground, carried miles into the air, then let loose and come thundering to the earth. The streets were full, from one side to the other, with a heap of *debris* many feet in height, consisting of broken bedsteads, ruined show cases, broken counters, wagon loads of boots and shoes, dry goods and clothing, fragments of buggies and wagons, harness, sad-

dles, barrels and boxes, doors and shutters, brick and stone, broken timbers, parts of pianos, rocking chairs, sofa lounges. O! what a heap of ruins! It is only a waste of time to attempt description.

I was made to think of that eventful day when Joshua marched around Jericho and the city fell in ruins. We walked up to the Crews' block, and took one look at the spot from which the lifeless body of J. C. Murray had been taken. I then requested my friend to take me to the place where Mrs. Waters and babe were killed. She was a Christian woman, with whom I was acquainted. She clung to her child and they perished together. We stood and looked several feet down in the heap of ruins where kind hands had lifted the timbers, removed the bricks and stones from the body of the lifeless woman, who was found with the child still in her arms. I could see that my friend was very much affected, and without extended conversation we turned and walked away. We passed the place where a child was found two days and nights after the storm. It is said to have breathed twice after it was taken from the ruins.

There were many sad things that happened along this street that I do not care to mention. Indeed, it would only make you sad to hear of them. We hastened on out of the business part of the city, to look upon the desolation and ruin that still spread out another half mile before us.

I noticed in one place six or seven buggies in one heap of ruins—one large ball of tin, as large as an ordinary hay-stack, lying rolled up in a round ball and pitched out to one side by itself. I asked my friend if he had any idea where it came from. He said: “Not in the least.”

Some of the colored people were out, trying to locate the place where their little church had stood, but could not get the exact location. Not one board, sill or foundation stone had been left. Hence you can see, with sidewalks gone, fences carried away, and in some places not able to find where the street had been, that it was not an easy matter to locate a missing building. While a little way off to our right there was a little heap of ruins to mark the place where the residence of Mr. Legg had stood. The family all escaped,

save the mother. She was severely injured, and at that moment was supposed to be dying. We called to see her; she was near death's door, but recognized me, and requested a word of prayer. Then whispered to her husband to have us sing the "Sweet Bye and Bye," etc.

In a few hours she crossed the river, and is doubtless at rest to-day.

We passed the place, and looked for a moment at the floor of a humble home, where all save the floor had been carried away. It is said that at this place the mother was found lying on the table, cold in death, while the children were standing by begging their lifeless mother to speak.

I had a desire to visit one other place where life was lost, and then I felt determined not to request my friend to take me to any of the other scenes of sorrow. So, by my request, he led me to the lovely spot where Mary Westbrook lost her life. They had a beautiful home, and were much loved by all who knew them. It seemed as if the storm had gathered hold upon the house with iron fingers near the top, lifted the roof in the air,

held it there until the rest, save the floor, was swept away. The family were blown a few feet north, where the top of the house came down upon them. A stick of timber penetrated the body of Miss Mary, killing her instantly. Her once beautiful piano lay in the south corner of the yard, the balance of the furniture had gone in an easterly direction, and lay piled against the snag of a tree, and that picture of ruins was all that remained of that once beautiful home. As I looked upon the scene of ruins I remembered the words of one of old: "All is vanity, and vexation of spirit."

I now said I have seen all I want to see, except the sufferers at the hospital. But before we go there I want to go back to the house and take a little rest, during which time I conversed with two or three of my former acquaintances concerning the storm. They said it could not be described.

One said it seemed to him like an immense cloud of darkness, rolling with great rapidity, while streaks of lightning were darting and blazing through like fire-brands, in all directions.



Another said he heard a very strange noise, ran to the door and saw houses, barns and trees going through the air with great rapidity, while immense torrents of white and black smoke were bursting from the cloud, as if a mountain of smoke had been rolled up in compact form, dropped into the city and exploded. But, he added, in less time than I can tell it, all was in ruins.

While I read a description in a paper something like this: The storm-cloud resembled a mammoth balloon, just swaying to and fro, and sweeping everything in its line.

Thus each man had his own way of giving a description, or rather in trying to, for all admit that an adequate description cannot be given.

A good Methodist brother informed me of his loss, but said no loss, except the loss of life, seems so sad to me as the loss of the church. "My loss is heavy, but I can bear it all better than to see our dear old church all torn down. The church where, for years, I have heard the Gospel of Christ; the church where my family has gathered around the sacramental table; the church where my chil-

dren have been converted.” He then shed a few tears, and continued, saying: “It seems that I cannot stand it—not to hear the church-bell ring, and I think if I can get help, we will dig into the ruins until we find the bell, and, if it is not broken, we will put it up temporarily, and we will ring it for the family prayer meetings.” “O,” he said, “how it would cheer my heart to hear the old bell again.”

I thought to myself that the good brother was as anxious to hear the bell as the old bellman a century ago, who waited impatiently in the belfry of the old city hall to ring forth the notes of victory and liberty, that should soon echo and re-echo all over the land. It was nearly sun-down when the storm came on and darkness soon spread over the scene of desolation, while multitudes were searching through the darkness for relatives and friends. A very reliable man informed me that he could hear the cries of hundreds at one time. The ruined city in some parts was also on fire, while the weeping multitude well knew that some of their loved ones were buried near the approaching flames. Others were carried

through the streets, dragged through the dirt and slime, until members of the same family were not able to recognize each other, thus all night the work went on, some carrying away the dead, others searching for the wounded and dying. One woman remarked, if I should live a thousand years I would never forget the awful cries and pitiful moans of that night. It made me heart-sick to hear it, and I prayed that God might save us from ever more being called to witness such a scene.

In company of a physician I entered the hospital. In the first room there were five members of the same family, the father had a broken arm, the mother and two of the children had bandages around their heads, the remaining one, a young woman, had her arm pierced through by a sliver. She said their house was blown away, and the family lie buried beneath the ruins. She found herself with a large sliver through her arm. She said she tried to reach over and pull the sliver out, but could not succeed. She then laid hold upon the part that protruded through her arm, and drew the ugly sliver on through. She looked pale and distressed, but I think

afterwards recovered. In the second room we found husband and wife both with broken limbs. They bore their suffering patiently and expected to get well. In the third a woman with a broken limb, also a badly bloodshot eye. She seemed cheerful and free to talk of the storm, and said, when she first heard the noise she looked from the window and saw buildings coming with great rapidity in that direction, that was all she remembered. She was found nearly a hundred yards from her home. Her mother was found across the street in a pile of broken timber; her three-year old child as far in another direction, and almost buried in the mud. Her other two little girls were badly bruised, and picked up some distance away, but none of the family were killed.

On we went through other rooms, viewing the sick, the suffering, the dying; some with arms off, others with limbs crushed, and I might say wounded in every conceivable way. As we left the building and walked away, I said: "Doctor, have I seen the most of the sufferers?" When, to my surprise, he answered: "You have scarcely got a start. You

have not seen half in this one building, and there are two hundred others in the city, whose condition is equally as critical." I was made to think of that eventful day, when the first-born of every Egyptian home was cold in death.

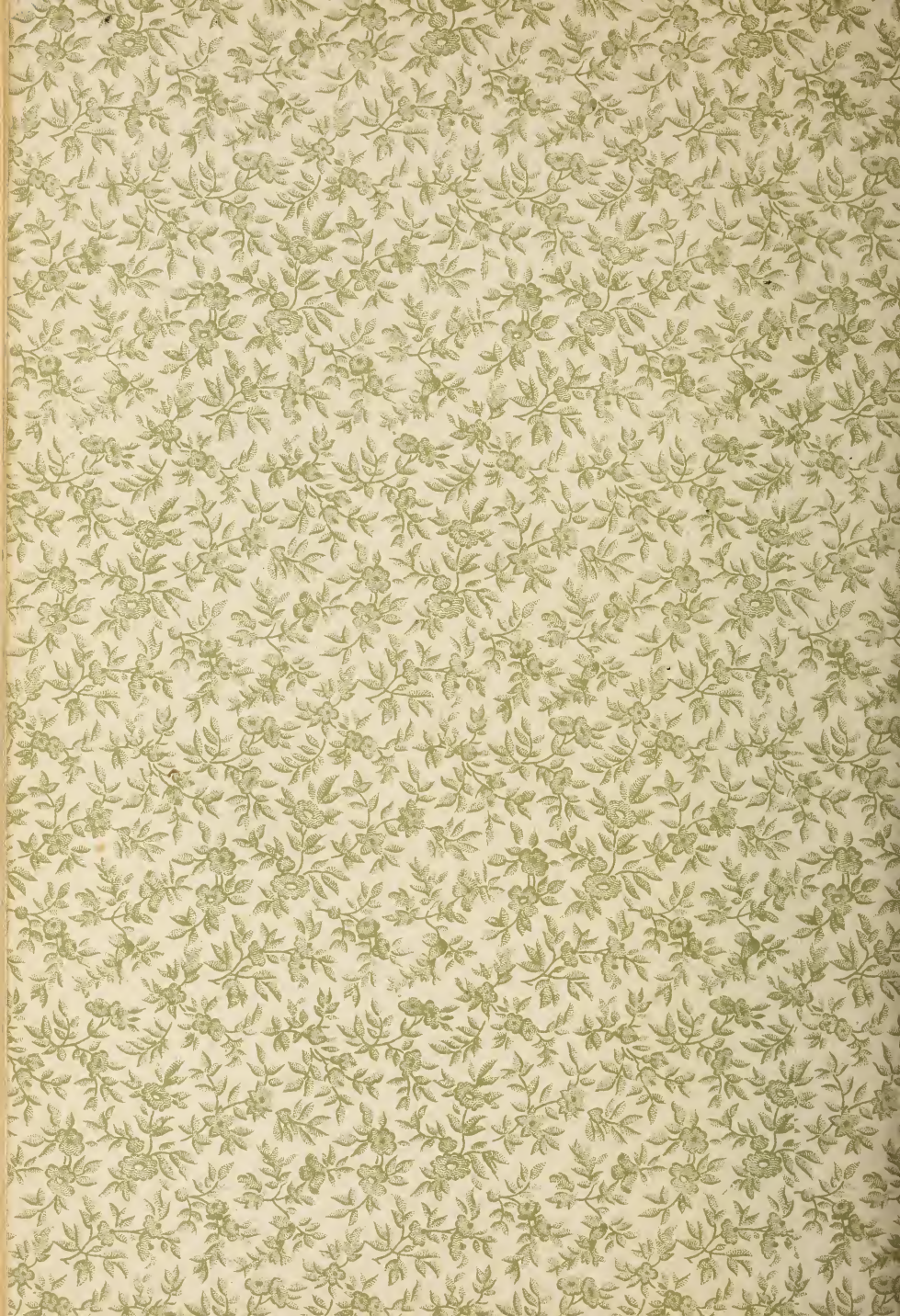
Now, in conclusion, let me give you a few thoughts that flashed through my mind. In the first place, the storm came on when least expected, and without a moment's warning. So we learn from the Word of God that some day the Son of Man will certainly appear, and that, too, without one moment's warning. Some will be in the field, some in the mill, others scattered abroad over the land, not thinking for one moment that the King is coming. Hence these sudden calamities, that come so unexpectedly upon us, ought to be sufficient to remind us of the words of our Savior: "Be ye also ready." Then, as I saw the Christian people standing firm and unshaken in their faith, I thought of the influence of Christ over those who believe and follow Him. There were men who, a moment before the storm, were worth their thousands; a moment afterward, scarcely a penny,

and yet I heard them say: "None of these things move me." I thought the words were certainly true that the "Gospel of Christ is the Power of God."

Then I was told that right away after the storm every cloud passed away, the sun seemed to shine with unusual brightness. I was then made to think of that eventful day, when the earth shall veil her face in sorrow, crumble into one heap of indescribable ruins, leaving the unfortunates of every nation in darkness that knows no light, while high above the scene of desolation the rays of light will beam forth from the radiant face of the Son of Righteousness, and the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light, while Christ, who died to save the world, will lead them to mingle their voices forever with that great multitude which no man could number.











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